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WHEN I WAS A CHILD

A LITTLE PILGRIMAGE IN ITALY

ILLUSTRATED BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

(THE JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON)

WITH TEXT BY

OLAVE M. POTTER

Illustrated with 8 full pages in colour, and 100 line and tone Drawings

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MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

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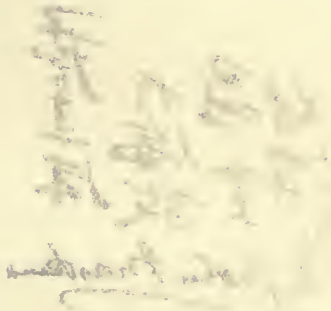

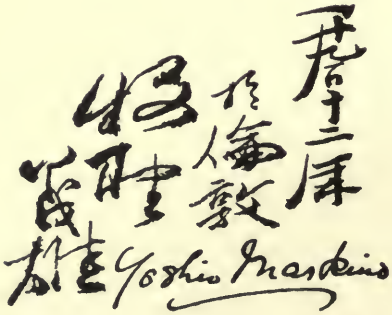
Yoshio Markino

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON"
AND "MY IDEALED JOHN BULLESSES"

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. . . ."—1 Corinthians xiii. 11th verse.

SO it was in my case too. It is not a very easy task for me to recollect more than a quarter-century backwards. However, it is my sincere wish not to write anything incorrect. First of all, I do not want to deceive all the readers. Secondly, my idea is this—The record of one's own life is just like the sketch of a view. If the artist makes most faithful measuring on the architecture, you can set the perspective on it and disperse it into the plain architecture drawing, and you may be able to build the same architectures from the sketch. But if the artist's measuring is not accurate, you cannot do so. With the human life, if one writes out all his life faithfully, it may be a good material for the psychological professor to solve many theories from it. On the other hand, if he lies in his writing, it would be absolutely no use for the psychological study.

It has been my ambition with this book to give ample materials for your psychological study.

Therefore I have written everything with sheer truthfulness, notwithstanding I often felt quite bashful to confess many things what I had done or I had thought.

Now let me tell you how I have recollected my past life. I kept myself quite alone in my room, and shut my eyes and asked my brain about my past. First I saw all surrounding views in my imagination, then I began to make my mental pictures of my family, relatives, and friends. Then I began to hear their voices exactly as they used to talk to me, and I heard my voice plainly—that of my childish days. I tried to put down on the paper all my childish feelings as they were on each occasion. As St. Paul said, when I was a child my words and my thoughts were childish, and now my memory of my childish words and thoughts are thickly enveloped into my grown-up thoughts. It is very difficult for me to make my childish thoughts entirely divorced from those of my present life.

It is the human nature that one does not like to say what he feels to be so ignorant. So with me. To-day I have attained much more knowledge than when I was a child, and I do not like to write as I really was. But it is not fair to mix up my present ideas in the story of my childhood. I am glad to say I have got courage enough to shake

off all my pretension, therefore what I have written here is exactly what I have done or felt at each time.

Another difficulty delayed my mind. When I was a child I had rather good memory, and if my memory was absent there was only a dark blank in my brain. To-day it is different with my brain. Since I am grown I began to have such a great imagination. (I think I have got much imagination since I have become an artist. For artists are obliged to make pictures entirely from their imagination, especially to illustrate some fictions, etc.)

Therefore if I recollect my past life, I don't see any dark blank. It is all because my imaginations fill up the places where my memory is lost. This is most dangerous thing, and I have been very careful about it. It was almost one year and half ago since I started to write this book. During all this time I have had constant communications with my brother and many other relatives and friends in Japan. They have been always confirming my writing. Especially my brother has been helping me by sending from time to time many snapshots around my village, which helped my memory very much indeed.

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WHEN I WAS A CHILD

CHAPTER I

MY EARLY LIFE AT HOME

MY own home village in Japan is Koromo. It is such a small mountainous village in Mikawa, and although the view is beautiful, no pilgrims ever stop their feet at Koromo. Japan is so rich with charming landscapes, and my home village is not counted by the nation. However, if it were in England or America it would gain a great name by its beauty. I myself am very proud of it, especially because it is my own home.

Koromo is situated on the north-west part of Mikawa County. Mikawa means " three rivers " ; hence the district has three rivers. One of the rivers, Yahagi, is running round a valley. Its curve is just like a bow, and my home village is outside of the bow. On the north, some ten miles away, the Mount Sanage spreads its skirt, and the very edge comes right to the village. On the east, beyond the river Yahagi, many moun-

tains near and far are making a well-designed screen. On the south and west the slopes go down to the sea, some twenty miles off.

I was born on the Christmas Day of 1874. My boy name was Heiji. I have one sister and brother. They are thirteen years and nine years

THE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN

older than myself. My father was wandering all over the country during the Civil War, and I was born just when Japan opened the country and was restored to peace.

It is general rule in Japan that youngest child is spoilt by the parents, and I was not an exception from this. Of course my sister and brother loved me so much too. But as soon as I was grown up

enough I realized my position ; I began to respect my sister and brother, and try to be as nice as possible to them. Surely that gave some sweet euphony in my family, and we were the specimen for the children in our village. Indeed, I often overheard some parents telling their quarrelsome children, " Be as nice as Mr. Markino's children." I myself don't remember about my babyhood, but I cannot forget what my mother and nurse used to tell me later on : that one day, when I began to crawl about, I went over a fly-paper, and my hands and face all together stuck to the paper. It was so seriously dangerous as I could not breathe. A doctor was sent for to rescue me, and all my hair was cut and shaved.

Since I was four I remember many incidents so vividly even now. For instance, my nurse used to teach me how to make paper animals. I learnt several lessons in a week, and also I used to draw some flowers and birds. All my families were very proud of me.

I think my parents were so careful about my home education. Whenever I was naughty they never smacked me, but they always brought a looking-glass in front of my crying face. I hated to see my own face so ugly with the tear-marks, and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer I used to

scream, " Oh, don't show me the glass for a few moments ! "

I was never scolded severely. They always told me, " You are a very nice boy, but just at this moment some evil is trying to dwell in you. How pity the evil is making you a bad boy and giving some trouble to your dear parents ! " And I began to feel so sorry for them, and I used to cling to their necks and say, " The evil is gone long time ago. I am your favourite boy."

When I was a child I was more like a girl. The servant of the village grammar school had a quarrel with his wife. One said I was a boy and the other said a girl. They asked my nurse which was right.

I entered into the grammar school when I was five years and seven months old. Some months before that I began studying to write and read the Japanese alphabet. I was so anxious to attend to the school. My father wanted me to wait until I became six, but my patience was broken, and I was so spoilt. My brother took me to school with him. He was a quite advanced student then. I went into his classroom. There I was spoilt again by all his friends and even by all teachers. But the time for lessons had come, and I was taken to my own classroom. There I began to feel miserable immediately. All my classmates were

KOROMO VILLAGE

too young to spoil me, and I did not like to be under school rules.

It was only a few days before I entered into the school I saw a famous Japanese play, *Sendai Hagi*, played by some amateurs in the village. There was a little Samurai boy who said, " When one is born as a Samurai he must not say ' hungry,' even when he starves to death." This boy was supposed to be about same age with me, so that impressed into my little heart very deeply.

Now, being in the school for a day, I repented that I entered into it, but, recollecting that Samurai boy at the play, I never uttered a single complaint. My family, nurses, and neighbours asked me if I liked the school. I concealed my tears and said yes. This was the very first lesson of *bushido* in my life.

It was my greatest comfort to confess to my mother before bed everything (good and bad all) what I had done during the day. Without this confession I could not sleep even if I was dead tired. I often stained the school desks and walls with ink, or sometimes I made my classmates cry. When I confessed these things to my mother, she used to take me to the school next day, and she sincerely apologized to the teachers and schoolboys.

My father treated me even tenderer than my

mother. This is the greatest difference from English or American families. But it is true. It was several years after the feudal system had died out, and Japan had already begun to be democratic, and perhaps my father was one of the most democratic Samurai. Nevertheless his inner heart was a purest chivalry. I think his idea was not to make Samurais into labourers, but surely he expected all labourers to become Samurais.

He always said, " Children ought not to know too much about the money matters." So, when I wanted some books, papers, etc., I used to go to shops with his servants. I picked up all what I wanted in the shops, and after I left the shops the servants used to pay. In that way I did not know the values of anything until I became fifteen or sixteen.

If I dropped coins or anything on the ground I never tried to pick them up, because my father told me only the beggars would act such shameful manners.

In my village, which is so far away from Tokio, Kioto, or any large town, the villagers used to be very superstitious, and there were many dreadful traditions about ghosts and foxes. I was so frightened of ghosts and foxes. My parents demanded my nurse not to tell me any ghost stories, but she often told me many ghost or fox stories,

and these stories went into my childish brain so deeply. When I was taken near by some grave-ground in night, I always so tightly stuck to the other people's hands, and if I heard foxes' voice I used to run home as quick as possible, and I hated those Buddhist temples, because they all have grave-grounds.

The view of those temples from distance in nights was such a melancholy thing to me, and even the tolling of the temple bells in the evening filled me with dread. I did hate death, and I was so extremely sad for those who died. Now I always envy those Christian children. They are taught to have faith in the future life, and if their relatives die they believe the deceased are happy in heaven. To me it was contrary. When I was a child I used to imagine that if we die we have to go through a long, dark passage quite alone. I am sure that imaginative fear injured my poor little childish brain a great deal.

My sister married when I was six years old; but she used to live in my home for more than half of the time, and looked after me, as my mother was so weak. The next year she had a baby, who died after a few weeks. That was a great shock to me. I used to hide myself in a bamboo bush and cry.

In the grammar school my first lesson was a

Primer Reader. It had some phrases like these: "The virtue of suppleness is to be bent without being broken"; and "The virtue of strength is to stand straight against any blow." Fancy! such was the lesson for five or six year old children! Of course, none of them could understand that. Only they tried to recite to pass the examination. But I was such a curio-comic child and I wanted to know the real meaning. I asked my father. He tried to explain it by many means every day. I think I caught the real idea at last. Indeed, ever since, it has been the foundation-stone of my moral. If the school children had a quarrel, I always took the part of the weak. I felt it was my duty to wipe the tears of the victim and strike the winner. This was much encouraged by my father. And I always loved the tenderness and dreaded savage roughness.

We have a lantern fête called Tenno Matsuri (July 10th every year). When I was five my mother and father bought me several beautiful lanterns, and lit them, and tied them on a bamboo tree, for that festival evening. I was so delighted, and carried them to a temple ground with all my family. Some rough boys came and struck my lanterns with sticks and tore them into pieces. I was not allowed to cry, so came home quite silent; then I cried so bitterly in my room. I remember

THE LANTERN FESTIVAL

my parents were talking about that subject. My father said to my mother, "Such is this savage world. If we bring up our child quite tenderly, he will suffer a great deal sooner or later, because he must meet with the rough world in his life. We have an old proverb, 'When lions get babies, they always throw their babies into a steep valley, and they bring up only those babies which climb up the cliff themselves!' Perhaps we should better to be lions."

Whereupon my mother begged him to ignore that proverb and make their child's life quite gentle as long as they could protect him from the wild world. I knew they were talking all this, thinking I was too young to understand them. But in fact I remember every word of them, even now. Only I could not understand if the world was really so savage. After some twenty-five years, when I was in a hard time, I recollected that once again as a fresh word.

I don't know exactly from when I began to be fond of cats, but, so far as I remember, I loved cats from very early time. I used to take a cat into bed to sleep together, and I could not live without it. So if the cat was lost while I was in the school or anywhere away from home, it was a great job for the servants to find out another before I came home. Otherwise I would be

so miserable. Even now I do love cats so much. The other day a psychological professor told me I must have some special magnetism for cats, for, however unhappy I am, if I touch my hand to cat I immediately feel so comfortable and happy.

Another vivid recollection when I was five or six is about my toys. My parents absolutely spoilt me by giving me innumerous extravagant toys, which no other children in my village ever had. I used to arrange all of them on the verandah every day. I had such elegant "castles," "palaces"—with every sort of furniture in—many beautiful dolls clad in gorgeous silk kimonos, etc. etc. But when I was asked which toy I loved most, I always pointed to a tiny old "bird." Its bill was broken and its painted wings were faded away. All people asked me "Why?" I could not give them my answer. For I was too young to analyse my heart psychologically, or at least to put my feelings into words, though there was the very feeling in my heart which has been unchangeable and immovable until this time, and so it will be for all my life. Shall I answer this question now? (Lo! after long thirty years!) Well, *because that poor "bird" looked extremely pathetic!* To-day I have naught to fear, even if this whole world turns into my enemy. But I have absolutely no controlling

power over anything *pathetic*. And this feeling has had its bud when I was quite a child, and people used to say I had no common sense because I often did most extraordinary things with my uncontrollable emotion. It was one of the days at this time that I dreamed a very singular thing. It was Koshin-Sama Day (a fête day of Koshin-Sama, whose temple was outside of our village.) I wanted to go to that fête and to spend two sens (halfpenny) for my new toy. But in my dream my family was so poor and we were dwelling in one of those smallest huts in the village. I asked my mother two sens. She said she had no money. I sprawled myself over a small straw mat and cried whole morning. My mother looked so sorry for me. I never forget her very pathetic expression in my dream.

I got up in the morning, but I was still thinking about my dream. She asked me why I looked so serious. I confessed her how naughty I was to her in my dream, and I apologized her to be such a great burden to her, even though it was only a dream. And I said to her then, "What a good thing that it was only my dream, but there might be many families to whom such an incident is only too real." Whereupon my mother said in tears, "Well said, Heiji, you go and help those poor children"; and she gave me many coppers.

I was so happy to distribute all these coppers to those poor children in our village.

My father was so generous to the villagers. They often had a flood from the river Yahagi, and he used to rescue all poor people. This was very well during the feudal system, when he had a revenue, but after the great change of New Japan he still continued in the same way and soon became quite poor.

But evidently he had most honourable life. I being his favourite child, all those flattering villagers called me "our honourable little Master Heiji," and entirely spoilt me. Whatever I wanted to do it was done so. That was the reason why I lost my common sense.

Once I overheard my mother complaining that those servants, gardeners, and other workmen were spending too much matches for their smoking, and that the matches were always too short. It just happened that a fête day came, and fifty sens were given to me to spend. I said to myself, "Very well, then. I shall spend this money most useful way." I bought matches for fifty sens' worth, and let the shopman carry a large bundle of match-boxes to my home. Matches were very cheap in Japan; I think there were several hundred boxes for fifty sens.

Everybody was so amazed. My mother said,

"I wish the shopman had a little sense and did not sell so many matches to a child." Some neighbours whispered, "Hark, what the mother said. She blames the shopman and forgets her own child has no sense!"

At the grammar school I used to believe all what I was taught. But very often I made an awful misunderstanding. For instance, our Reader said, "The human nature is just like the water. If you put the water into a square vessel the water will become square; and if you put it into a round vessel it will have a round shape. Boys and girls, therefore, you must choose your friends."

No sooner than the school hour was over, I ran to my neighbour who had a newly born baby. I told the mother, "Don't put your baby on a hard, flat bed; her figure will become flat."

After that I was the central figure in the village to be laughed at.

However, sometimes my sense was right enough to receive lessons which are so valuable even now. Let me write down a few.

"Once upon a time there was a mother lark who had some baby larks in her nest. The nest was built in an oats field. It was the harvest-time, but the baby larks were not grown up enough to fly. While the mother lark was gone for the day's work to search for food, the farmer came with his son

and said, ' Lo, the oats are ready to be reaped ; I must ask my neighbours to help us to gather them in to-morrow.'

" When the mother lark came back, the baby larks told her all what the farmer had said. The mother lark said, ' Nay, do not worry ; the farmer shall never be able to reap the oats.'

" The next day the farmer came with his son again and said, ' Our neighbours were too busy to help us, so to-morrow I shall ask my relative to help us.' The baby larks told this to their mother. The mother lark laughed and said, ' The foolish farmer is still relying upon other peoples, so we need not be afraid,' and she went off for her day's work again.

" The next day the baby birds told their mother that this time the farmer said nobody would help him, therefore to-morrow he himself would reap the oats with his son.

" The mother lark said, ' Now the time has come for us to fly off. If one decides to do things himself, he will do so without failure."

In my babyish mind this story impressed me so much.

At that time I often had a long walk with my brother. We both got so tired. My brother would sit down on the grass and say, " Oh, if only a riksha would come ! " I said, " No, no. Don't

rely upon the other. Let us persevere our poor weary feet and walk. Even if we step one step each time we are one step nearer to our home each time, and sooner or later we shall enjoy our bed." To confess the truth, I am no cleverer than any ordinary person. Only this valuable lesson carried me all through for last thirty years. I am not at all to the goal yet, but I am intending to be truthful to this lesson for all my life.

Another page of the Reader said, "Even tigers leave their beautiful skin after their death." This impressed my little brain so much too. I thought, "If I live only for eating and sleeping, I am not worth as much as those beasts; I must show the world I am more superior than tigers." This was the very beginning of my ambition. Here in this short space I regret I could not quote all chapters of my Reader, which encouraged my ambition so much.

I was such an untidy boy and I used to treat my books very badly. One book could not last for six months' term. My father always bought me the same book twice or three times. One day my school-teacher, seeing my book in such a bad condition, said to me I ought to be more careful for my books, otherwise he would punish me. My father heard it, and he was very cross with the teacher. He said to him, "Book is only

to read and understand the meaning of its contents. If one can take every word into his heart, what does it matter to tear the books into pieces ? Look at most of those children ! They keep their books very neat indeed, but they only recite the books for the purpose of their examination. My child is quite different. He practises every word for his daily life. I hope you will leave him alone, for I am quite willing to buy a hundred books for him."

The teacher was much ashamed and came to me to apologize. Fancy, a thirty-years-old teacher was to apologize before a seven-year-old boy ! I was so sorry for him, and I tried to be as humble as possible to him.

I was such a spoilt child. It is a general rule that most children have rather trying time by oppressive treatment of the grown-up persons. But in my case it was entirely the other way round. And consequently my daily worryings were on the other way. Even when I was so little, I always tried not to become the centre of jealousy and enviousness. When I was about eight years old it happened that the Mikado had an " honourable go-round," and passed Okazaki, the principal town of our district, and about ten miles from my village.

The Government selected about twenty children from all the schools in the district, and I was one

of them. I had to recite a page of the Japanese history. I still remember so well the part which I recited. It was my most favourite part, so let me translate it here :

(Some eighteen hundred years ago) "a cruel Emperor called Yuryaku killed almost all the royal family. Only two orphan baby princes escaped their death, and were hid in a farmer's cottage in a far-away country. Some seven years passed, and that loyal subject who stole away the baby princes died. So nobody but the princes themselves knew they were the members of the royal family. One evening the Mayor visited that cottage, and the owner of the cottage demanded the young princes to wait on his 'most honourable guest.'

"All the people in the drawing-room were so gay after *sakè*. The two princes, Oké and Woké, alone were left in the kitchen. The elder prince, Oké, broke the silence first : 'How long should we pass such a humble life ?' They embraced each other and wept for a long while. Finally the younger prince replied, 'That is just what I was thinking now. Let us announce that we are the princes. If the Emperor Yuryaku is cruel enough to assassinate us, let him do so. I would rather die as a prince than live as a farmer's servant. So they both ventured into the drawing-room,

and had a dance, and by their own dance and song they expressed their personalities. The Mayor, the farmer, and all the others were so surprised, and they bowed down quite flat on the floor and paid their utmost respectness. But they were so frightened of the cruel Emperor. They came to the conclusion that one of them should go to the capital and find out everything. Just that time the cruel Emperor died, and the Government was searching if there was a royal person who could inherit the crown," etc. etc.

I recited with my full sympathy. In a big hall, all the ministers and officers were dead silent. I won the book prize then. That day was the greatest fête day of my village temple.

When I came back from Okazaki to my home, I found out a picture-book on my desk. I thought a servant bought it for me. So I threw that book into the garden, and I said, " I am a child no more ; I don't want such a babyish book now ! "

My mother came to me and said, " Well said, my dear Heiji. You are quite right, and I was wrong. You see, I am always thinking of you as my dear little baby. Yesterday was the first time I missed you on our fête day. I went to the temple without you, and I was so lonely. I was thinking about you all the time, and when I saw that book in a shop, I thought you might like to have it, so I

bought it for you. But you are quite right. You don't need such a book, do you ? "

Oh, how rude and how savage I had been to my most worshipful mother ! I was almost broken down. I have never felt myself so guilty as this. I picked up the book most carefully and pressed it to my breast, and I sobbed all day.

I always say nothing could be more pleasant than to sacrifice own self for one whom we love most. When I was quite a child I liked to spin the tops, fly the kites, and all those games more than other children. But just when I was going out to play, I was often called back by my mother to do something for her. How happy and sweet I felt to give up my own pleasure for the sake of my most beloved mother ! I felt something so noble in my heart. But I was not always quite safe from some temptation. I was not allowed to go out on the midday of the summer. But some farmers' children often persuaded me to go for fishing. Then I used to imitate as if I was sleeping, and when my mother or nurse really began to sleep I escaped from the house and joined to those farmer boys. However, not a single time I kept it secret, but always confessed that to my mother. She never got angry, only she begged me not to do that, for she feared that her beloved child might get sunstroke some day.

I was so fond of gardening ever since I was five or six years old. In a large garden at my home I had a special ground for my own flowers. I was so proud that all my flowers were growing so well. Once, while I was cultivating my ground with my little rake, my mother called me, and I was so excited and ran up to her immediately; then I fell down at her foot, and the rake stuck into my cheek. It went through into my mouth.

All my family was so sad for me. As I was taught not to cry for anything like that, I tried to be silent, but my big tears flowed down my cheeks.

Then my father was so proud of me, and called me a real Samurai. Even now I have three marks on my right cheek, and whenever I look into the glass I recollect that accident quite vividly.

My brother had his garden too. Here I have most regretful story to tell the readers. Once he and I had a walk in some oat field. Just for fun I pulled off several oats. My brother was so indignant to give damage to that poor farmer, and forced me to apologize to the farmer. He said, "You may pull off all my flowers, if you like, but not oats which belong to a poor farmer."

I was in a temper, and said, "My father would

be willing to pay him the damage I have done. Why have you insulted me like that ?" And I ran up to his garden and pulled off all his flowers.

My brother sighed and said, "It cannot be helped, for I said you could do so ; but, Heiji, why are you so naughty to-day ?"

My parents said nothing to me, only said to my brother, "You are nine years older than Heiji ; you ought to govern your young brother. Let us see that."

No sooner than I saw my brother's face quite gentle I felt so sad and cried. Whole of the season my poor brother had no flowers. I asked my brother to take all my flowers, but he would not. I could not dare to go to the garden until the next season came.

My nature when child was extremely girlish. Boy friends were rather too rough for me. For instance, if those boys flied kites, they always had a knife on the string and tried to cut the other's string to break the kite. Girls were so gentle, and they only enjoyed themselves to watch the kites fly. They suited my taste better. So I always played with the sisters of my boy friends. As long as those girls were accompanied by their brothers my father did not object ; but once I was playing with only three or four girls without

one single boy. My father told me I should not play with girls only. I was quite sad. Now I see I was quite English style from my childhood.

But sometimes I was quite masculine. When I was eight or nine years old there was a rumour in my village that some monster was living in a little lake called Kami Shoji. That monster was groaning every minute—I think it was some strange water-fowl. I stole out one of my father's swords, and was going to that lake, saying I would kill that monster.

All the village children shouted out, "Here is the brave little Master Heiji!" and I felt as if I was a great hero. But my brother soon found me out, and called me back to home, and told me not to be so foolishly persuaded by those wild children.

I was so spoilt, and I myself thought I was the bravest boy. But, in fact, I was a very timid one, and I was easily frightened by little things. That is what the Japanese call "Benkei in the shade" (Benkei was the bravest warrior). One day I intended to visit my boy friend, Sentaro Okumura, in a neighbouring village. On the way I saw a big brown dog was sitting on the road and watching me coming. I was afraid of him. I walked so quietly and timidly along to the dog,

and no sooner than I passed the dog I ran away as quick as possible. When I looked back I saw the dog was chasing after me. I really thought I was going to be eaten by that dog. So I shouted, "Take away that wild animal from me!" Somebody came and got hold of the dog. It was a daughter of Takezo (my father's servant). I was very pleased with her kindness, and when I went home I told that to my father. He said he would give a pair of *tabi* (Japanese stockings) to her. I told my father that could not be enough for her; we must give her a suit of dresses. And my father did so!

I quite remember one summer, when I was nine years old, I was attacked by a severe malaria fever, and I was quite flat in the bed. My brother used to come to my bed to please me with all he could. One day he brought me a thick volume of the Universal Geography which he had just bought to study. I was ever so interested with all these illustrations of different foreign customs and views. Then I saw the map. I found out my worshipful country was only such a small island. I was so surprised. I decided to visit all over the world some day in my life. Of course it was only a childish idea at the time, but I have never been away from this idea. As I was growing up, my idea has grown up too, and to-day I have

really brought out that idea. About this I shall write more later on.

I began my lessons on tea ceremony and flower arrangement when I was seven. One day my father took me with him to his friend, Dr. Takejima, the most flourishing physician in my village. He was quite rich, and he had such a nice villa. We all had *cha no ye* (a formal tea ceremony). He praised me very much because I had performed the ceremony in quite right way. He gave me some nice paper, on which I wrote my own poetry. He was more amazed. They had some discussion on the ancient Chinese philosophy. I gave several answers which he took into his heart quite deeply. He called me " friend," and asked me to come to see him again. I was very pleased and quite proud to have such grown-up person as a friend. Next day I told to all my schoolmates that I was a friend of Dr. Takejima.

After a few days I went to his door, and a maid came out and asked me, " Do you want doctor ? " I said, " Yes." She said, " Is anybody in your family ill ? "

I was so indignant, and said quite severely, " No ; nobody is ill. I have come to see my dear friend Dr. Takejima to have a chat." She could not believe me. Fancy ! Doctor was about thirty years and I was eight or nine. The maid rather

hesitated. So I shouted, " Go to your master and say his friend Mr. Markino wants to see him."

Doctor came out and said, " Oh, my dear young Mr. Markino, will you come into my tea-room ? "

I was quite contented, and spent couple hours with him. But before I wanted to leave my brother came and found me out there, to his surprise, and he apologized to the doctor and took me away home. It was such a great disappointment to me.

Next day some elder schoolmates who knew the incident asked me, " Are you still a dear friend of doctor ? " I was so sad, and cried. My mother soothed me, saying, " You need not feel sorry at all about that. It's only about the different ages that you could not be the doctor's friend. By the time you reach to his age you shall have far wiser and nobler friends." Strange to say, my mother's prophecy has come true. Indeed, now I have " far wiser and nobler friends " in London. How happy I would be if my mother was still alive to see all my worshipful friends ! When I think of it, it gives my heart much pain.

At this time my father was invited to a daimyo of Terabe, about three miles from my home, to lecture the ancient Chinese classics, and he used to come home on every Saturday afternoon. I was counting all the weekdays until the Saturdays

came. Soon after the luncheon on Saturday I used to meet him on his way back. That daimyo's village was on the other side of the river Yahagi. So I had to run along the very sandy bank. I could not run fast enough on the sand with my *getas* (Japanese wooden shoes), so I always carried my *getas* in my hand and ran quite barefoot. One winter Saturday I ran to the ferry of Yahagi; but my father was not yet there. I had no patience to wait on this side. I wanted to cross the river, but had no money to pay to the boatman. The water seemed quite shallow—not above my waist. So I decided to ford the river. I took off my kimono and carried it on my head, and jumped into the water. It was quite ice-cold. I thought my feet were cut off. While I was struggling amid the river, one of my father's pupils appeared on the bank of the other side. He was so astonished with my pluck, and shouted, "My dear honourable little master! Whatever are you doing there?" I said I wanted to meet my father as soon as possible. He was kind enough to order the boatman to pick me up.

When the boatman took me ashore, he was so angry with the boatman, and reproached him because he had done nothing but watch the helpless "little master" crossing the river, especially on such a cold day. While they were in such a trouble,

my father came at last. I was so happy. My father begged his pupil not to be too hard on the boatman, because my father thought it was his own fault that he had not given me the money for the public ferry.

CHAPTER II

MY STUDY ON THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE CLASSICS

WHEN I was a child I was never spanked. Both my mother and father believed Confucius so faithfully. Confucius said, " You can teach and lead any human being who has a soul. Only those wild beasts you may beat." They begged my nurses not to spank me. They always said to them, " Our child has a brain to understand the reason ; so, if he is naughty, pray explain reason until he becomes good, but never spank him."

One day I went to see my boy friend in a farmer's house. He was rather naughty ; then his mother shouted, " I shall slap your head ! " In the vulgar Japanese language *haru* is " to slap." But the word *haru* has another meaning—" to paste paper." I thought that farmer mother was going to paste a paper on my friend's head. When I went home I said to my mother, " What a funny woman she was, to paste a paper on her son's head ! "

My mother laughed heartily, but never explained me the real meaning.

Another funny incident was through my entire ignorance about the business matter. As I said before, whatever I wanted to buy, I was never told about the money matter. One day my cousin came. He showed me a nice brush. He told me he must be very careful about it, because it was very high. (By that he meant very expensive.) I laughed and said, "You cannot call your brush 'high'! The only 'high' things are mountains, or heaven, or anything like that. You ought to say your brush is very long!"

Then all the auditors began to burst into laughter.

As my daily lessons at the school were too easy for me, my father began to give me some extra lessons. Thus I started all ancient Chinese and Japanese classics and histories ever since I was between eight or nine. I began to learn the doctrine of Confucius, Mencius, and others in my early age. Those books are written poetically and in most pleasant euphonies, so they were quite easy to recite. Indeed, I could not thoroughly understand several parts, but even now I can remember almost every word distinctly. And the older I grow the more I begin to understand. I am always so grateful for these lessons, because these doctrines really saved me from all the difficulties I have met only lately.

Most strange is the memory of childhood. After I was quite grown up I began to study the Bible and some other religious as well as philo-

sophical books. However, when I meet the difficulties, none of these books come to mind, but only those books which I learnt in my childhood.

At the same time I began to learn to compose Chinese poetries and arts. There was a man

MY BROTHER AND I AT RON CHI-GA-HARA

called Chikko Tamegai in a neighbouring village. He was my brother's friend, and he understood *Bunjin Ga* (poetic art of the ancient Chinese). I learnt the art from him.

Almost every Sunday morning my brother took me to him. Between this village and ours there was a vast wild field called Ron chi-ga-Hara. The field was full of azaleas and other wild flowers

MY LITTLE BEDROOM

and ferns. Here and there some big pine trees were barking against the breeze high above. It was such a romantic ground. On the way, my brother used to sing out his own poetries. I often composed my own, and he corrected them for me. Then I was so enthusiastic with the art, and I used to discuss with my brother how to conventionalize all those real views into *Bunjin Ga.*

My own home was very poetical, too. My little bedroom window was facing towards the east. On the early spring morning the sun rose just beyond two large oak trees and threw the shadows of a few bamboos and cherry trees on the window. Then some Japanese nightingales came to sing there. I used to watch their shadows darting from tree to tree and listen to them from my bed. It was the greatest pleasure for me to get up and open that paper door and see the first blossoms on that cherry tree. O such a fresh fragrance! And just a few yards beyond there was a peach tree. I love peach blossom so much. It is tender and peaceful, and especially after the rain the fence against the peach blossom becomes so dark and the blossom so refreshing! I always recollected that famous ancient Chinese poetry:

> How difficult to get up early in the spring;
> In my bed I listen to the singing birds.
> We had much rain and wind last night—
> How many blossoms have fallen on the ground I wonder.

I loved "Toshi Sen" so much. "Toshi Sen" is the collection of the best poetries in To Dynasty (ancient China). My father made play-cards from *Jekku* (short poetry). *Jekku* has four lines. The two upper lines were written on one card, and the other two lines were written on another card.

POETRY-CARDS GAME

The game was that some reader had to read the upper-line card, while we all had to pick up the corresponding lower-line card, all of which were spread on the floor. The one who got most cards was the winner.

On every New Year festival my father invited all my best friends to play this game. All of

them were a few years older than myself, and I was the youngest. There were so many poetries which resembled each other, and they often mixed them up all together. I always explained them about the metre and styles of each poet, and told them which were the right cards. I never forget how proud and how pleased was my father each time. He used to slap his knee with his hand and smile so happily !

In that way I learnt to recite all the poetries, which even now I can recite. Here I might translate some of them which were impressed in my mind so deeply :

O my ambition to reach the blue sky has not been fulfilled in the long years.
I am still loitering far below, now in the age of the gray hair !
Who cares, but my own image on the mirror ?
I and my reflection alone are sympathizing each other.

In my childish mind I felt so sad for that poor poet, and I sympathized with his misfortunes. I was foolish enough to believe that I myself could succeed everything quite easily. Who knows that this poetry tells my own present life now !

A quarter century ago I recited this poetry as some one else's, and to-day I recite it as if it is my own.

Here is another :

> The birds look whiter on the blue water,
> And the flowers are burning on the green hill.
> Another spring is passing away now !
> When shall I be able to go home ?

How often have I recited this when I got homesick ! Indeed, when I grew older and saw more of the world, these poetries came to my head deeper. My father always said to me, " Study the poetries. The poetries are the real expression of the feeling of humanity. Therefore if you study the poetries you will learn the humanity." At the same time I started to compose my own poetries, and he said to me, " Don't try to arrange the words without feeling. Wait until you get the real emotion, and then compose it into the right words."

I made several poetries at the age of nine or ten, and some of them were published in some magazines. I think my brother is still keeping the collection of all my works, and I hope to translate them into English some day.

FISHING ON THE RIVER YAHAGI

CHAPTER III

MY CHILD FRIENDS

AT that time I had a girl friend. We went on together so well. Whenever we were allowed to play together it was our happiest moment. In our childish minds we thought, We will marry some day when we get older. She was the only daughter of some rich farmer. Her mother told my parents that would be a misfit; because she must inherit from that wealthy family, and to do that she needed a very businesslike husband. One who loved "to look at the moon or whistle at the pine valley could not be her husband; on the other hand, the best part of his nature is the poetic feeling, and he would suffer much if he had to go to the business line." We both felt so sad, but decided to give up our love for our parents' sake. I am very sad to say that she died when she was sixteen.

I had many boy friends, to all of whom I devoted myself, especially to Tatsuyo Yebina and Tetsugoro Goto. They both are my second cousins, and a few years older than myself, but they were in the same class with me.

Tatsuyo lived two miles and half away from my village. The poor boy had to travel all the way, and back, to attend to our school. He was often behind the school hours, and I was so anxious for him if he was late. I could not sit down on my own seat. I used to climb up the wall and watch him coming to the school, and when I saw him beyond the cliff I was always so happy. Very often I watched him on the wall after the bell rang, and I was punished several times. Sometimes he was too ill to come to the school; then I was very miserable all day, and my marks of every lesson were so low. The teacher knew that, and he used to say Tatsuyo and I were just like the two wheels of a wagon,—when one was not on the wagon the wagon never moved. After we were grown up I was always so proud of him. He finished the course of the mechanical department of the Imperial University.

It was he who discovered how to make the bricks for the furnaces. Until he had done this most valuable discovery our country used to import bricks from Germany. But now all Japanese ordnance and everywhere use Tatsuyo's bricks. About five years ago he visited Germany and learned a great deal about his own profession. It is too sad for me to tell the readers that this dearest friend of mine died three years ago, when

his age was only thirty-five. He was so earnest to find out the earth which was suitable for his bricks. One winter day he rode on his cycle and travelled through a thick snow storm. He found out the earth exactly he wanted ; but so unluckily he caught bad influenza, and died a few weeks later.

Tetsugoro Goto is still very healthy. He is now the editor of the Japanese *Police Magazine*.

When we three were the school children it was our greatest fun to go to fishing on Sundays. Also we used to catch sparrows by *kuguchi* (a kind of trap). But about this trap I have some sad story. One day I saw many sparrows were gathering on the back garden of my house. I thought if I made a trap there surely I could catch one. So I made a trap. But the spring was too strong. When I heard the sound of the trap and went there, I saw a poor sparrow's neck was almost severed, and he died instantaneously. He was bleeding vermilion red. I felt so sad for the poor bird. I buried him in my garden, and made a grave with this inscription : " Here lies a poor unlucky sparrow who so innocently was trapped by a wicked human being. I sincerely repent."

I have never made a sparrow-trap since then.

Just the time when I was about ten, *shoga kai* was most fashionable thing in my country. *Shoga kai* means " poets' and artists' gathering." It

was always performed in some old big temple. Poets and artists went there and wrote their poetries or painted quick sketches. Many people came with papers to ask the artists and poets to work. I used to attend to the gathering with my brother and my teachers of art. They were quite grown-up people, and of course I was the youngest. So I was the favourite of all people, and I was much spoilt there. When they finished this esthetical game, they generally invited some geishas and had refreshments. Geishas used to treat me very kindly. My school-teacher suggested to my father that it might not be the place for ten-year-old boy to go. My father only laughed at the suggestion. To confess the truth, I was a great favourite of many elder women. My neighbours used to sigh and say, "When the little Master Heiji grows up, what life will he have?" By this they meant I might have too much sentimental life—perhaps I might create an awful love-tragedy. But, in fact, they were absolutely mistaken of me. I had too great ambition to be ruined by women. Besides, something happened when I was eleven years old —yes, something too sad to write. My dearest mother died!

This gave a great change in my life. I suppose no children in this world could be without shock when they lose their mothers. But in my case the

shock was too great indeed. Many doctors announced that I could not live much longer, or at least I might become insane.

Just lately, when I was living in Sydney Street (about six years ago), one of my Japanese friends called on me. I told him about my mother, and I could not conceal my tears. He exclaimed, "No doubt you are one of the most filial sons I have ever seen! Fancy! Some twenty years after her death you talk about your mother as if she died a few days ago! But I quite understand you. Very few people in this world have such a sweet mother as yours. If I were you, I should be exactly same with you. Nay, I would love your mother more than my own!"

I think he was perfectly right.

CHAPTER IV

MY MOTHER AND I

NOW let me write my mother's life, just roughly. Her father was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese classics. When she was born he named her Katsu. The meaning of Katsu was from some ancient Chinese odes. He wrote that ode on a parchment. It runs like this :

> When the vine of Katsu grows in the deep valley, birds come to rest on its leaves and they sing sweet songs ;
> When the vine of Katsu grows in the deep valley, its leaves are so green and its vines get so strong.
> Let us cut the vine and take its fibre ;
> Let us beat the fibre and make it into threads ;
> Let us weave a cloth with that thread, and let us wear the cloth.
> We shall never complain how poor it is !

I quite remember she was always keeping this writing next to her skin as her *omamori sama* (or souvenir) all her life.

Her life was exactly as her own name, or this ode.

She might have met with many a rough storm in this world, but she always persevered every-

thing to herself, and let all merry birds rest on her and sing. She always dressed herself in quite plain cloth, and never complained. She gave all comfort to the rest of her family.

When she was a girl she was most filial to her parents. It was wide-known fact—every villager used to tell me that. And I was told that when she was about twelve she went to some old castle quite alone, and she climbed up to some high ruined stones. There, to her great surprise, she saw a wild fox. She was so frightened, and jumped down some ten feet. She struck her chest against an old stone. There she fainted. Some hours later a workman found her quite senseless. He carried her home. Many distinguished doctors were summoned. They did their best, and she came back to life again. But they found out one of her rib-bones was broken. She was in bed for some months before she was quite recovered. It was almost miracle that she became healthy enough to marry.

Her marriage was rather romantic one. My father went to her village when he was quite young. He had fencing with many Samurais in her village. Nobody could beat him. My mother was watching the fencing. Seeing his gallantry, she fell into love with him. Her father noticed her love, and let her marry my father. It was so unlike most Japanese marriages in those

days. Generally they used to marry without love. That was the reason my parents were so happy. There was always some sweet fragrance in my home. Between my parents there was always existing some sweetness, abundant sympathy, and much respecting to each other. And they adored us, the children. But, as my mother had such a serious accident when a girl, she used to suffer ill-health from time to time. She was very delicate. So, although I was quite happy-natured boy, I had to worry much about her life. I so well remember it was when I was about seven or eight years old, one of our servants came to me and said, " My honourable little master, how lucky you must be ! You can do anything you like. Oh, let me have your life only for one day, I shall be quite contented."

I sighed and said to her, " Do you think I am a happy boy ? You don't know me, then. Don't you know I have much to worry ? I am worrying every day to think what to do if something happens to my mother's life ! "

My servant did not know how to answer me, and she sobbed.

As I was growing up my mother was getting weaker and weaker every year. Once she used to be in her ill bed three times in a year ; but next year she was for six times, and the next year she

was in bed fully four months altogether—something like that. She often got a great pain in her chest so suddenly, and sometimes that happened in midnight. I was always ready to run up to her doctor, because I could run quicker than anybody in my house.

It was when I was just ten years old, one autumn afternoon, she walked in our garden, and fell down. She could not stand up. My sister helped her to her room. Her face was bruised and a little bleeding. I was so terrified, and I thought of the worst. My most anxious anticipation was proved only too true. Since this accident she was quite flat in bed. Some villagers told me if she ate a carp-fish she would be cured. So I used to go fishing after the school hours every day. My father and brother knew it was only too foolish to believe that, but they said nothing to me. They knew my mother's illness was quite uncurable, but they did not want to hurt my childish heart. I went to fishing week after week without the result. One day, to my great delight, I caught a tiny carp-fish. My mother was so pleased, and said to me she would surely be cured with that fish. She ate it. Nevertheless she was getting worse and worse. I began to believe all sorts of miracle stories. The villagers told me so-and-so image is very holy; if you pray to him everything is fulfilled. So I used to go to many

temples to pray. And I often offered candle-lights to some images in midnight, and I kept it quite secret to everybody. To my heart's rending, my mother's condition never improved.

One of the summer evenings next year my brother and myself had a walk along some rice-fields. It was a nice and cool evening. All the rice had abundant silver dew on each leaf. The sun was just set, leaving the golden rays on the edge of the western clouds. And smoke was going up high from the roofs of some farmer's house. Three or five frogs began to croak between the rice-fields. The evening bells of far-distant temples were tolling slowly. My brother and myself were getting on quite poetically, and we both were loitering along the bank of a small streamlet. Our doctor was coming from the direction of our house. We both hurried toward him. My brother asked him what did he think about our mother. The doctor, looking at me, gave some sign in his eye to my brother. My brother immediately said to me :

" Heiji, you hear some frog is croaking so nicely. Go up there and catch him."

I obeyed to his demand, and ran away from them. But I had such a shocking anticipation. My heart beat so high. I could not think about the frogs ; I watched them from the distance,

MY BROTHER AND I MET WITH THE DOCTOR

and in a few minutes I came back to them. The doctor was just saying good-bye to my brother. I saw my brother's eyes were quite red. I asked him what the doctor had said to him. He would not tell me. He only said smoke came into his eyes, and he rubbed his eyes. My imagination went quickly to the worst point. That beautiful poetic view just until a few minutes ago turned into such a melancholy colour to my eyes. Even now, when I see the same effect of sunset, I always recollect this saddest moment. We both went home quite silent.

My father always had the bright side. He said, "That man is not the only doctor in this world. I shall get better ones, who would surely make your mother quite recovered." He invited many famous medical professors. I think he spent enormous amount of money for that.

Whenever I had spare time from my lessons, I was by the side of my mother's bed every day, and tried to soothe her. One day I saw her face was so pale. I said to her, "Mother, you look so ill; what shall I do for you?" She shed tears. That was so strange to me, because it was her nature not to turn her sadness to anybody, especially to me. Immediately I thought her long illness must have made her mind so weak. She said to me, "My dearest Heiji, I feel so sorry for

you to have such a delicate mother. Look at those children who have healthy mothers. They have nothing to worry at your age. But, my dear child, you worry so much about my illness. Don't you ? All the doctors may forsake my life, but I shall try to struggle to live longer for your sake. Don't you remember that great historian Rai San Yo ? He had consumption. Every doctor gave up the hope. But San Yo himself said he would not die until he had finished his history books, and he lived until his work was done. You see, his strong will has conquered the death. I, too, have a strong will to live until you grow up a little more."

She buried her face in her bed, and I wept silently by her side.

The next summer came, and she was much improving—indeed, so much so that she began to have a walk in the back garden. All my families were so delighted. We all thought she was quite recovered.

At that time my father was invited by a daimyo in the next village to have the lectures of " Shiki," the famous ancient Chinese history. He suggested that I ought to join to that lecture, because my mother had become much better. He wanted me badly, because he was so proud of me to understand " Shiki " at the age of eleven. So I went to that daimyo's house to stay with my father. I stayed

there about fortnight. The lecture was not yet finished, but I began to feel uneasy so to be away from my mother. I bid good-bye to my father and came home. Strange to say, my mother began to be ill again on the same morning. She was in bed. In the evening I was nursing her as usual, while my brother was lecturing Mencius to some young boys in a tea-ceremony room.

My mother said to me, " I don't want you for a few minutes, so go to your brother. I shall call you as soon as I want you." So I went to that tea-ceremony room. Only two or three minutes later I heard my mother's voice. She was not calling me ; it sounded more like screaming. I rushed into her room. I saw her fall down before she reached to her bed. She was choking.

I called my brother to attend on her, and I myself ran to the doctor immediately. The doctor's maid told me he was having bath, so he would come in a few minutes. I could not go back alone without the doctor. I was stamping the ground at the entrance. My patience was broken. I rushed into his bath-room. He said he had not finished his bath yet. But I asked him to come out. I helped him to dress up, and the doctor and I ran back to my house.

Everything was so silent. I shouted to my brother, " Doctor has come ! " He gave no answer.

When we went into the room, I saw my brother was drooping his head down by the side of my mother's bed. My mother was lying quite motionless in her bed. The doctor announced her life was out of any hope.

I could not believe that for the moment. I felt I was dreaming in a dream. I don't remember what I was doing until the next morning. I do not mean to be conceited, but really I have fairly good memory of anything, and if I try to recollect it I always get it from my memory. Only that night my mother died is the exception to the rule of my memory. It is more as if I was chloroformed. It is quite a blank. Did I cry? Did I weep? Or did I sleep or not? I don't remember. Only one thing I am quite sure is that I did not faint, so I must have been doing something.

The next morning my father, sister, and all relatives were at home, and relations and friends who were far away were arriving every hour all day.

I myself refused to see anybody. I secluded myself in my little room. There I buried my face in my own arms on a desk and wept. All the mourners came to my room. They did not know what to say to me. They passed away in silence. Now and then I lifted my head, and I saw through my tears those people who came in front of me

and very sympathetically nodded their heads and went away. My favourite aunts and some few intimate people patted my shoulder for their affection and sympathy. I grasped the hand of some of them. But no sooner than I touched their hands, I noticed the tears began to flow on their cheeks so freely.

Neither they nor I could utter a single word. My father came in and said, " Heiji wants rather to be left alone. Is that not so ? " I answered, " Yes." So they all left. My sister used to bring every meal and leave them on my desk. But she could not utter a word. Very often the dishes were quite cold when I lifted up my head. Very little indeed I could take. Five days passed that way. Then the funeral day came. In the morning my father came to me and whispered to me, " Be as a Samurai to-day."

I came back into my own conscience immediately. I joined to the funeral procession and walked just after my brother. As my mother was so popular in our village, there were many mourners ; the procession was such a long one. Then there were plenty spectators. They all knew I was so much upset, and I heard they were whispering, " What has become of our poor little Master Heiji ? Is he in the procession ? "

I was most solemn, but showed no trace of

my tears. They seemed surprised, and my father was so proud of me.

Oh, I was such a little devil to be so hypocrite. By no means could I conquer my sadness. No sooner than I came back I was quite broken down. The shock was even greater than before the funeral. Everybody seemed to be getting recovered from their shock, little by little, every day; but I was in reverse. At the time of the funeral my misery was a sort of madness. But as the time passed on my conscience was getting back, and I began to think of my mother's past life.

I recollected all her kindness and sweetness, and especially when I was so naughty to her. I said alone, "Why have you gone so soon, my dearest mother? I believe I could be a nicer boy if I tried. Then how much you would be pleased with me. I am sure I have not done my best to you. Mother, do forgive me!"

I was talking alone all the time as if my mother was present. Then, in midnight, I used to steal away myself from my bed and go to her grave to shed my tears. My servants always fetched me home, and told me if I go to the graveyard in midnight some ghost might appear to me. I said, "Oh, let the ghost of my mother appear to me. I shall be so happy to tell her what I had not done during her life!"

My father began to notice that I was not quite right. He sent for some doctors. Some of them expressed their opinion freely that I should be either insane or die.

CHAPTER V

MY FATHER AND I

AT this moment my father had the brightest idea to cure me. One day he told me there was only one way for me. My mother's spirit was always watching me from above, and if I wanted to please her spirit, I ought to do something in this world and become " somebody." And he said to me with a happy smile, " How your mother would be delighted ! "

I was such an ambitious boy, so it was something like the sunbeam to my life, and immediately I began to feel quite a bright boy again. Yes, I really became very jolly boy, but I entirely gave up all sorts of children's games, such as tops, kites, little boats, etc. I used to sit down all day and read books, this time really to study every word of those very difficult books of the ancient classics and histories, and all words were the guides and keys for my future life.

Here I give the readers the stories of some personalities in the ancient Chinese histories which I used to love. I loved Kanshin very much. Kan-

shin was a son of an ordinary farmer. But he had a great ambition. It was the end of Jin Dynasty, when the whole country was in disorder.

Kanshin never thought of his own daily life, as his head was busy to think of some greater things.

I USED TO SIT DOWN ALL DAY AND READ

One day he was starving almost to death. There was a wash-woman and she gave him one bowl of cooked rice. Kanshin said to her, "You good woman, I shall return your kindness when I fulfil my ambition." The woman laughed at him, and insulted him, saying, "Such a fool could do nothing."

Another day Kanshin met with several tanners

on a market. (In China tanners were classed as the lowest.) They shouted to Kanshin, " Hallo, young coward, if you are afraid to fight with us you must crawl under our feet."

Kanshin stared at their faces for a while, then crawled under their feet. All the crowds on the market screamed with their laughter. But, in fact, Kanshin himself thought his life was too precious to risk such a useless duel. Afterwards when the first King of Kan Dynasty raised a revolutionary war, Kanshin assisted him and conquered all country. Now Kanshin was made the Field-Marshal of the King of Kan. That wash-woman and those tanners were invited to a dinner by the Field-Marshal. When they were told the hon. host was that " coward Kanshin " they could not raise up their heads.

Another hero of the same period was Chōryō. One day when he was quite a boy he met with a benevolent old man on a horseback. Just when he was riding over a bridge, he dropped one of his shoes in the water. Chōryō hurried to the river to pick up the shoe. He wiped it with his own clothes and gave it to the old man. The old man accepted it with his foot. Nevertheless Chōryō saluted him very politely, and he was going away. The old man called him back, and said to him in a most haughty way, " You can be taught, though

you are stupid enough. Come to this very bridge to meet me on the early morning of the third day."

Chōryō went there on the third morning and found out the old man was already there. The latter was very angry and said, "What? You made a promise with an elder person, and come later than he? Go back now and try to come earlier than me next time!"

On next third day Chōryō went there quite early, but to his surprise the old man was already there again. He was still more angry and kicked Chōryō. Chōryō apologized him very sincerely, and begged him to make another appointment after three days.

Chōryō went there on the evening of the second day and waited whole night. But this time the old man was quite late, he arrived there long time after the sunrise.

The old man smiled and took out a parchment, and said to Chōryō, "Here is written all the secrets to become a great man, so you read it! I shall never see you again, but if you go to that mountain beyond, you shall see a big yellow rock. That is I," and he disappeared. Chōryō opened the parchment and found only two words written—"Patience and Perseverance." But with these two words Chōryō became the Premier for the King of Hun!

Still nobler story was that of Kai-Shi-Sui.

Kai-Shi-Sui was a loyal subject of Toko of Shin, who became a king later on. While Toko was wandering about the country as fugitive a few of his subjects followed him. Kai-Shi-Sui was most devoted to Toko. Once when Toko was starved nearly to death Kai-Shi-Sui cut his own flesh to feed his master.

Toko conquered all over the country at last; it was all through Kai-Shi-Sui's merits. All other less important subjects were elevated to high ranks, but Kai-Shi-Sui was forgotten by his master, because he was too modest to come forward. He said, "It is all the Heaven's will that our master has become the King. If one steals some properties of his neighbour, people call him 'thief.' If, then, one stole the Heaven's will, what would he be called?" He hid himself in a lonely mountain.

Some one gave a hint to the King saying, "Once upon a time, there was a dragon and a few serpents followed him. One of the serpents was so loyal, and when the dragon starved he offered his own flesh to his master dragon. Now the dragon got a nice palace to live in and all the other serpents received the comfortable holes to live in. Only that most loyal serpent has no hole."

The King said, "It was my own fault."

He commanded his subjects to search Kai-Shi-Sui, but the latter never came out from the mountain.

The King set fire on the mountain in hope Kai-Shi-Sui would come out, but Kai-Shi-Sui was burnt to death instead. The King lamented extremely; and even now all the villagers around that mountain keep the Anniversal Day of Kai-Shi-Sui's death, and they don't use fire on that date, but have cold dishes.

When I read this tory I told my father that I loved Kai-Shi-Sui so much. Nothing could be nobler than his words, " If one steals the Heaven's will, what will he be called ? "

My father was delighted. He said to me, " My dear little boy, could you really understand that at your age ? You are my son ! "

Indeed, my father has led his own life something like Kai-Shi-Sui. During our civil war to make the new Japan he staked his life, and did a great deal for our country. But no sooner was the peace restored by the victorious Revolutionalists than he resigned himself in his little village. I thought he could have occupied quite a prominent seat in the Government if he had tried, but it was not at all his desire. He always said, " It was the Heaven's will and the Emperor's own virtue to have the victory, and I could not be a thief of the Heaven's will." His idea was that the political work ought to be absolutely voluntary for the country, and that one must not expect any reward for his work. He used to admire George Washington, especially

the last part of his life when he resigned as a farmer once more after being a President. He thought the education was most important when the country was restored to peace. He began to train all the young men in the village. I am very proud of my father's conduct, especially to think that several well-to-do patriots have sprang out among his pupils now.

As such was my father's life, and he was impractical about the business matter, he was getting poorer and poorer every day. Of course, he spent a great deal on the medical attention for my poor delicate mother. There was another reason. No doubt my mother was a good manageress in my home, and unluckily my father lost his manageress so early. Many good friends of his advised him to marry again, but he absolutely refused it, as a stepmother could not be as nice to his favourite child (myself) as the real mother. He preferred his widowered life for my own sake.

Within eighteen months my father was almost bankrupted. He himself was obliged to be a school-teacher at a little village called Miyoshi, and my elder brother, too, gave up his collegical study and became a tutor of a school some fifty miles away. We all had to abandon our dear home. It was decided quite sudden !

I was told to join to my father in Miyoshi

village. Just a few weeks before, my brother bought nice lotus plants in a beautiful vase and some buds were coming out. I used to get up very early every morning in hope to see the flowers quite blossomed. On the day when it was fixed to leave our home the lotus had not blossomed yet. I begged my father to postpone our departure

THE LOTUS PLANTS

until they would open, and despite of all the luggages packed up my father consented to wait.

After two mornings they all blossomed beautifully, as if they were bidding farewell to us. I went to my own garden, which I loved so dearly, and shed my tears quite secretly whole morning.

They could not sell our house immediately, so all the doors were shut up except a little tea-

ceremony room, which was lent to a policeman. As Miyoshi village was not more than ten miles off, I often came back to see my dear old home. But it was changing its appearance more and more every time when I visited it. That policeman so heartlessly destroyed my own beloved garden. There were no more beautiful roses nor chrysanthemums, but he planted potatoes and other vegetables, and all the rest part of the gardens were ruined by wild weeds.

Looking at these I recollected the Japanese History of the Era of Hogen-Heiji (twelfth century of the Christian Era), which I was just studying. At that time Naritsune Fujiwara was exiled in a small island for three years. When he was pardoned and came back to his own house in Kyoto, he found out his house was abandoned and so ruined. He made a poetry :

The mosses are grown so thick between the broken roof-boards
That the moonbeams do not leak in as much as I thought!

I made a poetry of my own home, too.

The gardens and house are so much ruined that I recollect the old poetry,
While the sparrows are heartlessly chattering on the plum tree.

One evening that policeman, Yuba (who hired our tea-room), invited me and my cousin-friend Goto.

He was talking about "gai-shi," the Japanese

THE GARDENS WERE RUINED BY WILD WEEDS

history by the great Rai San Yo. (It just equals the English History by Macaulay.) But the policeman was hopelessly ignorant. I could not help without laughing. I gave him a deep sigh, and I said, "Pray stop your nonsensical demonstration. If you want to talk me about Rai San Yo, study the book for three years more, then come to me!"

I said this from my heart, without being conceited at all. But the poor policeman was very indignant. And I never forget his angry expression. He said, "Dear Master Heiji, how dare you try to insult me who am much elder than you! (Indeed, he was about forty.) Remember you are only a little kid of twelve years old. I heard of you a great deal as a comely little darling. Now I am so surprised to see you quite different from what I heard of. Be careful and behave yourself better or else you shall be hated by everybody."

I said, "Good-bye, poor policeman, I shan't see you again." He was still more angry. My cousin Goto whispered me that Yuba might do some harm on me, but he thought I was quite right. I remember he wrote all about that, adding more tales so untruthfully to my father and brother. I was rather frightened to see my father and brother, I thought they might scold me. But when I saw them next time they did not say a single word about that, and my mind was very much released.

At this time, many English books were translated into Japanese, and I studied them. Among these books my most favourite were Fawcett's *Political Economy* and Buckle's *The History of the Civilization.* I loved the prefaces of both books, because they told me both Fawcett and Buckle were so filial to their parents. I thought Fawcett was a real *Bushido* because when he met with that gun accident and lost his sight, he so tenderly soothed his father not to worry his own future life, instead of grumbling.

Buckle I loved most dearly. First of all, I thoroughly agreed with him when he said he preferred his self-study to the school study. I always had the same idea, because my father trained me in that way. He often said, " The modern school system is very bad for children, because the children are too much excited with examination. They all study their lessons for the sake to pass their examination, and then the worst thing is they forget everything after the examination ! "

And that preface of *The History of the Civilization* said, " When Buckle finished his first volume, he put it in front of his mother and said, ' Mother, please be glad, your beloved son has made this book ! ' "

When I had read and come to this point I threw the book down, and said to the book, " Oh, Buckle,

I envy you very much ! You *were* a lucky one to have a mother to please ! Indeed, if I ever succeed writing a nice book, to whom shall I show it to please ? "

My father was much afraid that I might get into a melancholy fit again. He tried to soothe me with all sorts of fairylike tales. However, I tried to get all books to study. But there was a great difficulty to do so because some new books were expensive, and my father was getting too poor to buy all that I wanted. Besides, in such a small country village it was difficult enough to get new books even if we could pay any amount of money. And the library system was very bad then, too. I think there were only one or two libraries in Tokio or in Kyoto. And even such a big town like Nagoya (which was only seventeen miles and half from our village) had no library. When I think of that now, I always envy the English or American students who have abundant libraries wherever they live.

It was about this time a new monthly magazine, called *English Self-Taught*, was published. I was delighted to subscribe this magazine, because I had already an ambition to come out to the western world ! Whenever I think of my first study of the English now, I cannot help of laughing. You see, this was the very first time to study an entirely different language. The first number had to start

with *Webster's Spelling Book* and *Wilson's First Reader*. The pronunciation of every word was written in the Japanese alphabet. They were awfully incorrect. For instance, for "Ape has hands" I pronounced thus: "Yaipu hazoo handōsu"—something like that. And it was ever so difficult for me to understand the meanings, because the idioms were so different from those of Japanese. I thought "Ape has hands" meant, "Ape is holding his hand with other hand!" Really it was almost hopeless to study the English without a teacher.

Professor Ban of the Educational Department came to my village to have lectures with lanterns for two nights. He was just back from his tour in America and Europe. He showed us many views of the western life, and lectured all his impressions upon them.

That made me quite mad with my ambition to come out to America or Europe, more than ever. I thought my father was too poor to send me abroad, so I decided to become a tutor of some grammar school. Such a young boy-tutor! Anyhow, I got that job in Chita Gori, a peninsula in the inland sea, where my brother was a tutor too. I stayed at a village doctor's house. This doctor wanted to make me a physician. But I refused, and after a month or two I ran away and joined to my father again.

CHAPTER VI

I BECOME AN ADOPTED SON

A HORRID question now happened upon my life. I was obliged to inherit one of my nearest relatives who had only one daughter. Some day later on I had to marry her.

I was quite shocked.

They told me I need not marry her until I finished all my study and reached twenty or twenty-one of my age. Anyhow, I ought to be adopted as a son, and a brother to that daughter, at the present moment. It was this time they changed my boy-name Heiji into Yoshio. I loved my boy-name, and even now I hate to be called Yoshio. The family was a quite rich one, and they promised to send me to a college immediately. But they made me a tutor instead, and I had to work in a grammar school with our cousin. I was awfully surprised, but I preferred it to have a life in that supposed-to-be home of my future. We have a saying in Japan, " To be a dog is better than to be an adopted son."

Here I think I need to explain the reader about

our life. When any family, especially a rich family, has only a daughter, generally her nearest relative must become her husband and inherit her family name. It is something like the royal families in Europe. The wife becomes the queen of the house and the husband has no more power than a mere consort. He is obliged to obey her, and also his mother-in-law.

I think I worked as a tutor there for three or four months, during which time a famous Buddhist philosopher, Tanaka, came to a temple in that village and had a lecture to reform the religions in Japan. I was much impressed with it. I studied all those books which Tanaka left there. Then I heard some one opened a private school to teach English in Nishio. Nishio was only a few miles away. I wanted so badly to join to that school. All my relatives were very angry with me. They reproached me, saying, "You are awfully changeable boy! When a Buddhist philosopher came you were quite mad with Buddhism. Now some one opened an English school, and you are mad of English lessons. Keep your mind a little quieter."

I said, "I don't see any sense in you. What's wrong with me to study everything eagerly? Besides, are you not teaching the *Reader* to the school children every day? Have you not read histories of many great men? They all had a

great struggle in their life. Now you teach those histories to the children in daytime and you contradict it to an ambitious boy in the evening. I am sorry to say, but you are nothing for good at all ! "

They were furious.

" Shut up your mouth, you saucy kid ! Book is book, and our daily life is our . . ."

" A-aa-ah ? " I interrupted.

" Be serious and listen to us. Books tell only about those great men, and remember you are not a great man. You are so unpractical in your daily life. First lesson for you to learn is how much is the price of rice. You always talk about your future ambition. It is very well to say ' ambition.' Yours is more like a phantom cloud. Remember you will not stumble against Fuji Mountain, but you are always stumbling against a little pebble."

I said, " If I stumble against a little pebble, I shall get up immediately. That is all. How glad I am to hear I don't stumble against Fuji Mountain. It is a great compliment to me ! "

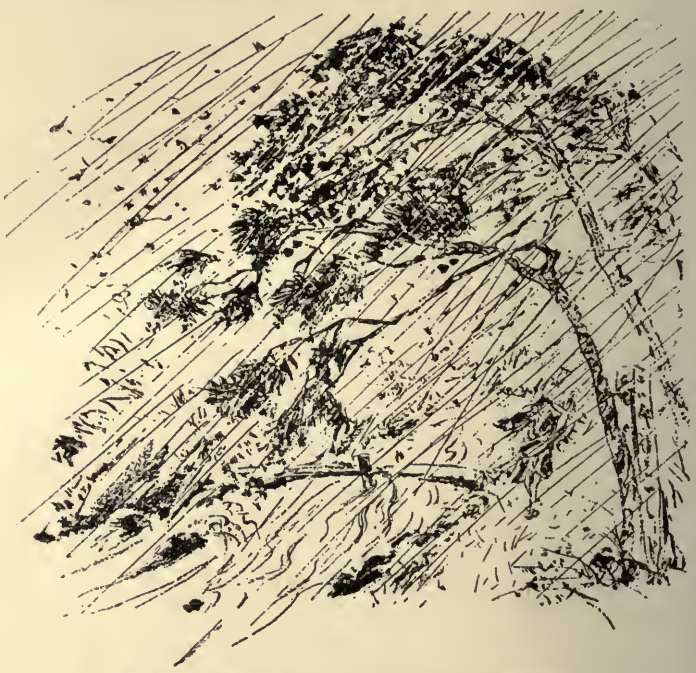
They all went into a dining-room, for it was the supper-time. I remained in my room, and began to wonder because their ideas were so different from those of my own family. I thought it was better to get rid of them. So I decided to run

away. It was about five or six o'clock in the evening, and I saw such a dark angry cloud on the eastern sky. Should I wait until to-morrow morning? No, I could not see such hideous people any longer. I left a note, "A big fish could not live in such a small pond."

I was afraid if I put on my *geta* (Japanese wooden footgear) I might make noise, and they would recognize me. So in my bare feet I slipped myself out from my window.

I had to walk about ten miles in rice-fields and three or four miles in a lonely mountain. Soon I met with such a strong tempest. The rain was falling just like a tiger's skin, and the white splash of it rose high on the fields. The wind was blowing and whistling against my ear. The clay road was awfully slippery. I saw thunderbolts behind me first, and in front later on. I was rather frightened when I saw a valley streamlet was so angrily dashing against the bridge poles, and the bridge itself was shaking so hard, as if it might be floated every second. It was not at all easy journey for me. And my kimonos and myself together were quite wet through. The weather cleared up in about thirty or forty minutes, and a clear moon appeared between the dark clouds. I was so happy, but my poor kimonos did not dry at all, and it was awfully uncomfortable. I arrived at my father's place

early next morning. My sister was just there. I told them it was quite hopeless for me to stay with those people any longer. My father nodded



I MET WITH SUCH A STRONG TEMPEST

and said, "I know that, I know that. So never mind."

My sister brought me a warm kimono and caressed me. Next day I had a very high fever, and they all were very sorry. My father sent my brother

immediately to those people to inform them I had run away, and that now I was with him. I knew there were some troubles among them, but at last they came to the conclusion to put off all this matter until I grew up a little older.

However, to avoid all sorts of trouble, I was sent to my old Art and Poetry teacher. There I stayed for a month or two. This time to his disappointment I did not study the Chinese poetries any more, but I was only struggling with that magazine of *English Self-Taught*. Looking at this, my teacher made a poetry in which he expressed his sorrow that I should give up my classical study and go into the foreign language, which was so little use for me!

"So little use for me?" I said in my heart. "The English lesson is the foundation stone for my ambition." But I did not tell him my own opinion, because everybody round me opposed my ambition.

Indeed, once or twice I told some people, "I want to do something in this world, but our country is not quite large enough." Every one laughed at me. They used to call me "A dreaming Fool" or "A Boy without Common Senses!" Even my own brother began to lose his confidence with my "foolishness." Only my father used to say how sorry he was, because he became too poor

to fulfil my ambition. He often sighed, "Only if it were the time that I could easily afford that!" I told him he must not worry about that, because I myself would do what I wanted to do. At that time I had an idea in my childish head. It was this, if one says he could not succeed his ambition because he has not money enough, I would call him a slave of money. If one says he could not because he is not strong enough, I would call him a slave of his body; and if one says he could not because his relatives or friends would not let him do so, I would call him a slave of his neighbours.

Indeed I had no money, and my health was so delicate, and all my neighbours were opposing against me. By no means could I be a slave of any of them!

I decided this in my heart so strongly, and even now (after more than twenty years) I am still sticking to this idea.

Only I began at that time to feel too timid to tell that Art teacher of mine all my opinion, so I ran away from him again.

My father's place was about nine miles away from Nagoya (the third biggest town in Japan), and there I found out a teacher who would teach me English lessons twice in a week. Of course it was quite a narrow rough road, and I had to

walk all the way, and back. This did not last more than three or four months, for my father and brother both had to go and live in a very deep mountainous country called Higashi Kano—about forty miles away from Nagoya. But after some difficulty I got a situation as an assistant boy in a surveyance company in Nagoya. There I worked all sorts of map-drawings in daytime, and attended the evening class of an American Missionary School. I was so excited to learn English directly from American teachers. Of course there were some Japanese teachers too, to teach the translation. But it was awfully hard work for me. At this time my brother wrote a letter to my father in which he said something like this :

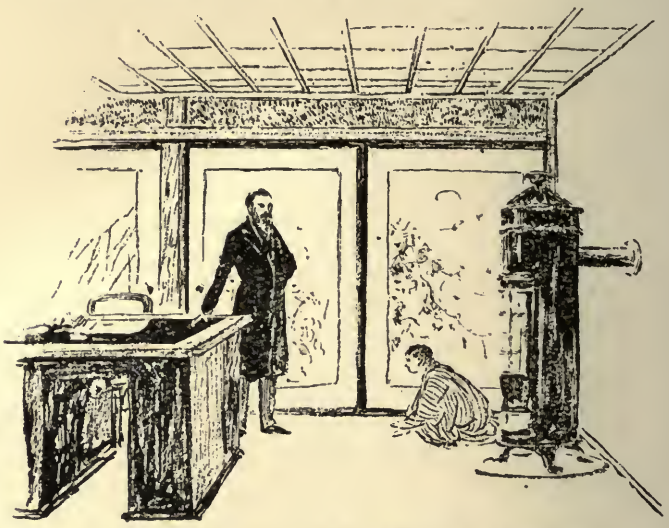
" Our proverb says, ' Human life is fifty years.' Now, I am nearly twenty-five, so half of my life might have passed, and I have not much hope in my future life. As I promised you some time ago, I have sacrificed my life as a school teacher to pay back all your debts. About this I have no complaining word to you. But my brother Heiji is still quite a young boy, and he is much broader in hope already at his young age. I hear he is working now. It is such a pity to ruin his hope. Let us assist him to go on the proper course of studying."

My father sent me this letter, adding his own

opinion that by some means they would put me into a Government college.

I knew too well that they were still in a great debt, and their income was so small.

Most difficult question for me was whether



MY FIRST MEETING WITH AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY

should I accept this and return them all their kindness when I succeed, or should I absolutely refuse this ?

I went to Mr. Iinuma, my teacher friend, to ask his advice. There I met with another teacher, Mr. Ogawa, who was a friend of my brother. They said, " Why don't you come to

our missionary college instead? Of course the Government college has better literature and sciences, but if you want to learn the English conversation, our college is no less good, because American teachers will teach you. We shall keep you to study, and our American missionaries want a boy to sweep the schoolrooms every morning, and make his tuition free." I was so happy to accept this offer.

It was December of 1887.

CHAPTER VII

I AM BAPTIZED

FROM the very next day I took my new post. Our school was situated in Minami-Buhei-Cho (street) just on the back of Aichi-Kencho (the Government Buildings of Aichi District). The school building was an ordinary native residence. All the mats were taken away and some hundred desks were put on the bare wooden floor. The two classrooms were divided by the sliding paper doors, and the Western style stoves were put in each room.

I myself used to sleep in a little inn called Mikawa-Ya in Yaba Street, about a mile and half away. I was so excited to get this chance to study the English free. I could not sleep well with my over-joy. I used to get up about four o'clock and run up in the dark streets to the school and sweep the schoolroom by the lamplight. I had still more time (about one hour or so) before the lessons began. There was another residence attached to the school, and Mr. Ogawa (our Japanese teacher) lived there, so I used to work for him in the morn-

ing—such work as to polish his boots, make bed, and brush his hats and cloth, etc. For which he gave me one yen (two shillings) a month. I was almost starving. But I did not worry much about my poverty. For I was only too delighted with my post. They had the night school. I attended to it as well. It was always twelve p.m. when I went back to my inn. I never walked, but always ran all the way. I used to meet the macaroni-sellers on a certain place. They were a poor old father and his kid. They shouted loud, "Udon-Kishi-men!" (cooked macaroni and spagetti) alternately —the old father with deep voice and his boy with the childish high-pitched tone. Their voices and my sandalled foot-stepping sounds in mid-night became quite familiar and typical harmonious sounds to the town-people. Indeed, more than once, I overheard people talking inside their house —"Hark, that macaroni-seller and running foot-steps! It must be after eleven o'clock."

But about three or four months later the school people made an arrangement for me to sleep in one of those rooms attached to the school, and gave me three yen (six shillings) a month, and I lived entirely on the boiled rice and pickles.

There were two couples and one old lady American missionaries. I used to look upon them as very civilized and very honourable people,

because they were from such a great country. And I thought the Christianity must be the most superior ethic, because all the most civilized nations in this world belonged to it. So I decided to investigate the Christianity, notwithstanding the surrounding people used to hate it and call it "Yaso." The word "Yaso" came from Jesuit (I think), but it had double meaning—"mysterious and unpatriotic religion."

Many of my friends asked me seriously, "Are you really going to be a 'Yaso'?"

I said, "Yes." And they were shocked very much. However, I attended the Sunday-school and the evening congregations at the missionaries' private house on every Friday.

This meeting was held only for those who really desired to become "Yaso." There were about fifteen people.

All the missionaries had lectures alternately, and Mr. Iinuma was their interpreter. As I was earnest to study the English I was so curious to hear how he translated each English word into Japanese. So my mind was quite absent from the religious matter. One Friday evening the head missionary said to us, "Now seeing all of you so earnest, I shall baptize you on next Sunday. But to-night I must ask each of you to tell me exactly what you feel."

There were several awful people. They flattered him unnaturally and insincerely. I got quite sick of them. But the missionaries seemed to be very pleased.

He came to me next. I said, " Your honourable religion must be the best one in the world, but I am so miserably ignorant about it. Now I have only one fear, that your honourable God might not be pleased with my present mind."

He said, " Excellent, splendid."

I said again, " Is it not a wiser way for me to wait until I study the Bible thoroughly ? "

He said, " Not necessarily at all. Your sincere faith is worthy to be baptized, and you see it is so much better to study the Bible after being a Christian. The Bible is most difficult book to understand. Only God will help you when you have faith in Him."

Then, I remember, there were several boys about the same age with me. They all copied me, and said, " We have exactly same idea with Master Yoshio Markino ! "

All the missionaries were delighted. On Sunday morning, after the usual sermon, we fifteen of us had to stand near the altar and the two missionaries had to baptize us. The head one had a few sheets of paper, on which all the catechisms were typed out in the Roman-spelling Japanese, and

his assistant missionary had a bowl full of water in his hands. The head one read his paper before each of us. His Japanese pronunciation was rather bad, and I could not catch the meaning well, but he whispered me that I ought to say "Yes" each time. So I did, and he poured the water from the bowl upon my head. Thus I have become a "Yaso."

I wrote all about this to my father. He wrote me back thus: "Yaso could not be any bad religion,

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BAPTIZED

considering that all the most civilized nations belong to it. Study it very carefully and seriously, and listen to all what the hon. missionaries explain to you. If you find out the truth in it, be most earnest Yaso. But don't become a hypocrite by all means. That is to say, if you could not believe even the slightest details in the doctrines, don't imitate yourself as an earnest Yaso. Give it up, even if it cost all your hopes. . . ." (In this he meant to give up my situation in that school.)

It was only a few days later I went to see my Japanese teacher, Mr. Iinuma. He said, "Now you are a Christian, can you believe your future life?"

I said, "What? What do you mean by 'Future life'?"

He smiled and said, "I thought you did not quite understand the Christian's faith. You see, all those missionaries are so happy, because they think that when they do good deeds in this world, they shall be sent to Paradise in their next life as their reward!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really, truly. You have been at our Sunday-school several times. Have you not heard what they said to you?"

"Mr. Iinuma, I am very much ashamed of myself, but to tell you the truth I am so eager to learn the English, you know, therefore I was listening to your translation of each word to study English, and I never thought of what they were talking as a whole. Anyhow I thought the Christianity was only a very high ethic."

Here he laughed at me.

"But tell me how they believe that."

"Well, they believe they all shall meet each other in heaven and live for ever!"

I sighed deeply, and I was astonished beyond the words.

Now I will tell the readers why.

I thought in my boyish mind that all the civilized Westerners were scientific, and they treated every philosophical question with their own science. I was often afraid that the Westerners might laugh at our Buddhists, because they are quite superstitious enough to believe in the future. What a great surprise to me to hear the Christians believed in their future life too !

" Are the Christians so superstitious then ? " I asked him.

He said, " You must not call them superstitious. They shall be offended ! "

" And they do good deeds because they simply want to go to heaven ? "

This last question came into my mind so naturally, because it is the spirit of Samurai to think that if it were the will of God, we are perfectly willing to suffer in the hell.

Then I put the final question to Mr. Iinuma, " And have you yourself that Christian faith ? "

He said, " Yes, I have. But very differently from that of the missionaries."

" May I ask you that ? "

Iinuma shook his head. " No, my faith is only for myself. Perhaps it might be wrong. Of course I shall tell you if you want very badly to hear, but I think the proper way for you is to

study from the missionaries directly. Anyhow you must read the Bible."

He brought me a beautifully bound up Bible. I loved it dearly, because I had never seen such a beautiful book before.

From the next day I used to pray to God first, "Pray, let me understand Thy Holy Book." And I read it every morning and night. First I started the New Testaments, but many references were on the edges of each page. They all were quoted to the Old Testament. I thought it was better to read from the very beginning of Genesis. So I did.

At the same time I belonged to a Bible-class which was held every Wednesday night at the missionaries' own room. Of course I had many doubts and curious questions in my heart, but I tried to be absolutely silent. I said to myself, "Be patient, and wait until you finish the whole Bible."

CHAPTER VIII

MY LIFE IN THE MISSIONARY SCHOOL

ONE day a Christmas box arrived from America on the end of January, 1888. All the American missionaries said it was rather late, but all the same they were going to celebrate a Christmas on the first of February. We, all the schoolboys, did not know what was the Christmas tree, except our teacher, Mr. Iinuma, who had seen it in Yokohama before. He told us to get a big tree. So we all went to a hill about three miles away and brought a very big tree. The missionaries were delighted with its size. They began to decorate it with tinsel and candles, and bound up all the presents. We were told that we could bring any presents to the tree. I bought a few little things for my schoolmates and put some humorous remarks on each of them. In the evening, when a "Santa Claus" distributed presents, mine were the most successful. Everybody was burst in laughter.

It was the next Christmas time. I had headache and went to bed early. My classmate Yamada

had his bed in my room. He brought in his friend Tokida. They were whispering, "What shall we do with Markino? He always wins everybody's heart with his humour; we must make some fun on him."

One of them said, "Hush! He might be listening to us."

Tokida came near my bed and said, "All right, it is quite safe. He is sleeping fast!"

It was Yamada's idea that they should steal all my books and pack them up in brown paper and hang them on the Christmas tree. I was biting the edge of my bed-cloth to control my laughter, and I imitated myself as if I was sleeping. Then the boys went out for shopping, so I got up and locked my bookcase and stole some books of these two boys, and packed them in brown papers with these notes: "That what comes from you, that shall return back to yourselves." And, "If you try to spit against the *sky*, you shall receive it on your own face."

When the "Santa Claus" distributed these to them they were very surprised. They gave me a nickname, "The Badger."

At this time Rev. Klein was the head missionary. He and his wife both were very kind to me, and I was always too delighted to work under them. I would go to shopping or posting letters or all sorts

of message for them, half-dozen times in a day. I was always running for my own joy, and I got a name, "Happy running boy." I also used to have walk on the fields outside the town, and gather clovers and all those wild flowers for Mrs. Klein, and she always gave me some cakes which she herself cooked, and I soon began to be very much attached to them all. Alas, in eight months, time they were summoned back to America.

I quite remember it was August 19th, 1888, when Rev. and Mrs. Klein were to leave us. At that time the Tokai-do Railway was not completed, so they had to take a small Inland-Sea steamer from Atsuta to Yokkaichi, then thence a larger steamer to Yokohama.

I could not sleep all night of 18th. In the early dawn of the next morning rikshas were arriving at our gate by twos and threes, and by the time of starting there were more than fifty rikshas with people who were going to "see off our hon. missionaries." It was before the sunrise when we had riksha drive to Atsuta. Although it was the hottest season, the fresh morning air was quite cold to penetrate my thin summer kimono, and I was shivering when my riksha ran fast. Those early "birds" who were just opening their shop doors were amazed by the thunder-like sound of the rikshas, and watched us eagerly in silence.

When we arrived at Atsuta Bay we found it was the low tide. The steamer was anchoring about three miles off. We hired four junks and rowed up to the steamer. Most of girl students were covering their faces with handkerchiefs. They looked very pale. I supposed some of them felt as sad as I was to miss our worshipped teachers,

AT ATSUTA BAY

while some of them were seasick, and perhaps many suffered both. When we all reached to the steamer, Mrs. Klein said to me, "While we are away, you will be as good to the other missionaries as you have been to us, won't you?" And Rev. Klein said to me, "We shall try to come back in one year's time. I am sure you will speak the English perfectly, and you will be a very earnest Christian by that time?"

I nodded my head positively every time.

"By the way," Rev. Klein continued, "I have left a pair of my boots behind. You will find them in my bedroom. So you can wear them yourself."

I thanked him very much. The steamer gave the last whistle and began to move slowly with the throbbing sound of her engine. Our small junks were floating on the white foam which the steamer left behind. The Kleins were waving their handkerchiefs until we could see them no more. There were three boys beside myself who missed our worshipped teachers extremely. One of them suggested to do fishing on the bay. We all agreed. It was such a splendid day for fishing. We caught a large basketful of fishes by the sunset time. My boy-friends seemed highly amused. I envied them very much. How nice that one could be forgetful so easily! Although I was very fond of fishing, I could not enjoy it on that day. For some lumps grew in my throat, and I had to wipe my tears from time to time in spite of their laughter at me.

In the evening when I came back I went into the bedroom where I found the boots which Rev. Klein told me about. I took a great care of them, and wore them for a whole year as his souvenir.

Next year a "Revival" was broken out in the other church. One of the members called upon

me at midnight—about one a.m. He woke me up and said, "Now the Holy Ghost is upon us all. You too must not lose the chance to be converted by this miracle!"

Just at this very moment I had such an idea that it was quite impossible to understand the Bible with my own logic. Only the way to get the Christian faith should be through some wonderful revival which St. Paul had. Therefore I really believed it in my boyish mind, and attended to the prayer-meetings every evening. The missionaries had tears flowing so freely, and they were singing the hymns loudly. Some Japanese were crying and praying, while some were exclaiming that their souls were saved! It was such a hysterical meeting. One evening they all came to me and said, "You always say you are very sincere to become a Christian. Now God is in this room. Pray Him to save you!"

I earnestly prayed. They asked me if I felt that I was saved. I said, "No." Then they surrounded me and said, "You are an evil. You are not sincere at all."

Although I had certain philosophical brain in my early life, I was only a little boy after all. I did not know what to do, and I cried. Some of them shouted, "This boy is saved, because he is crying!"

It happened on one of these days that all the girl students (about eighteen in all) were gathering in a hall, and I was there too. I told them all my opinions, feelings, and everything. They seemed much affected, and showed me their sympathy in their expressions. Next day a teacher of the girl-school came and said, "Markino, you have done dreadful thing. All the girls are deserting our school. This morning I found none of them in their classroom!"

The teachers went to their parents and begged them to send their daughters to the school again. It was some long time later that I learnt the girls were much affected with my speech, and decided to give up the missionary college.

The "revival" was still going on! And to my surprise I found out many dirty immoralities among them. One school teacher was a "revivalist" because he wanted a higher salary from the missionary, and some had improper behaviour with other's wife, etc. etc. I got sick of them after all.

CHAPTER IX

MY STUDY OF THE BIBLE

MEANWHILE my Bible lessons were getting on day after day.

Now let me write my first boyish impression on the Old Testament.

I enjoyed Genesis and Exodus very much, because they are so primitive. In a way they resemble our Kojiki (Kojiki is the primitive History of Japan). About Solomon's wise judgment I may give the readers an awfully similar story in Japan. There was a great judge called O-Oka. He had done innumerous wonderful judgments. Once two " mothers " came into his court and they both claimed to be the mother of a little heir. O-Oka put the baby between the two women, and said to them, " Pull this baby hard ; one who gets hold of him shall be his mother." The forgery mother pulled the baby hard. But the real mother cried, " He is not my baby, so you keep him." She did not touch the baby. O-Oka said immediately, " I see the real mother's love in this woman's heart."

I enjoyed the Book of Job immensely.

Perhaps we all Japanese boys liked Ecclesiastes most because it is very like our philosophy, and from the literature point of view it is nearest to our own way.

It was very pleasant to read on too.

Now about the Book of Ruth. Well, I cannot express my feelings with my poor English. I felt as if some strings came out from the book and tied up my head and heart together, and pulled them towards the page. Even now her sweetness and loyalty to her mother-in-law is one of the great revelations to my ethical mind.

By the way, Japan has had many wonderful histories of the loyal wives, when the latter performed the bushido beautifully, and indeed Ruth was a real bushido too.

But Psalms I was rather disappointed with. I heard a great deal of it as " the most beautiful writing." If one reads it with full religious faith, it may sound sweet and beautiful to him. To me the literature value of Shi-kyo (the ancient Chinese Odes) seemed far above the Psalms! (I am afraid the Japanese translation of the Psalms was a failure.)

When I had read about two-thirds of the Old Testament I went into the New Testament at the same time.

The latter was a great disappointment for me. Of course the Sermon on the Mountain is very high ethic, but these were not new lessons to me. Many Oriental philosophers have talked about the ethics equal to that sermon long, long ages before.

Perhaps the reader may be interested if I translate a few passages in the book of Mencius here.

" All the human beings have their own conscience. The conscience has sympathy. Suppose there is a baby crawling round an old well, and she is just falling down into the well. Even a thief would pick her up immediately. Why ? It is not because he wanted a reward from the baby's parents. It is not because he was afraid that people would talk badly about him if he did not rescue the baby. It is all because his conscience demands him to rescue the baby at the moment. Well, then, let this very conscience grow in each human. You shall become very virtuous in the end. But you must neither neglect nor pull up the conscience.

" Once upon a time there was a foolish peasant. He neglected to manure his rice-field. In a few weeks' time he found out his rice-plants were much smaller than those of his neighbour. He began to worry about it. One evening he came back from the rice-field and said to his family, 'I am so tired, for I worked very hard all day to make the rice-plants to grow.'

"His boy exclaimed, 'Whatever has my father done to-day?'

"The boy went to see the rice-field, and, alas! all the rice-plants were dead, because his father pulled them up to the same height with his neighbour's."

I must add a few words to Mencius.

If one neglects his conscience, it will never grow. If one tries to pull up his conscience, it will die immediately. It is the coward who neglects to let his conscience grow, and it is the hypocrite who tries to pull up and kill his conscience.

Mencius said, "When we seek it, we shall get it, and when we abandon it, we shall lose it, because it is necessary thing, and it is within us."

(By this he meant such as virtue, charity, and all high ethics.)

"But there is something which we can only get by some certain way, and although we seek it earnestly, we often cannot get it. Because it is not always necessary for our life; it is without us."

(By this he meant such thing as wealth, fame, etc.)

Mencius said, "Every necessary thing for our life is prepared within our hearts. Be always sincere to your own conscience, nothing could be greater happiness than that."

I quite agreed that we all humans were "sinners"; but a serious question sprang up from the inner side of my heart, "Why was the blood of Jesus Christ needed for the salvation of our souls?"

Some ancient Chinese philosopher said, "Is there any one in this world who is quite perfect? Nay, there is none. Therefore we must not argue each other's faults. One who repents his faults is really great."

Does this not sound so sweet to forgive each other in this way?

But here in the New Testament Christ talks of saving the souls by His own blood! And what? He calls Himself God?

I studied all those references on the edge of the pages very carefully. What I found out from them was that the references from them were references between the blood of Christ and of sheep. That is to say, the Israels used to sacrifice sheep to worship God, and pray His pardon for their sins. And later Christ took the part of sheep. Very well! Confucius said, "Those who are making '*yū*' shall be cursed" ("*yū*" is a doll which people used to bury together with the dead nobles as the latter's companion in the grave); because Confucius was afraid that the people might get too sentimental, and some day they might bury a real living human together instead

of "*yō*"! Buddha himself hated to kill even a small insect.

Then why should a precious human be sacrificed to save our souls? I felt that the Christian God who needed the blood sounded rather savage! At least I thought it was savage to imagine the God in that way.

The missionary used to bring a big book to our Bible-class. I asked him what it was. He said it was Dr. Clarke's Commentary of the Bible. I asked him to lend it to me. I began to study it, but I found out that book was written absolutely for the Christian scholars who have faith in the Bible, and not for such people like myself, who have never heard about Christ before. So that book did not help me much after all.

I came to the conclusion to ask this question to the missionary. (Beside that I had many more questions though.)

If the blood of Christ was so necessary for the salvation, why has the Almighty God sent Christ in such a small district alone? And why did He not let us, the Eastern nations, know that before? Don't you see, we, the Eastern nations, have had quite thick population long time before Christ. Were those souls not saved then? And why?

But now, admitting the salvation of Christ,

hadn't Judas Iscariot and those soldiers who crucified Christ fulfilled the will of God to kill Christ? You say the crucifixion of Christ was necessary, and yet do you say those who killed Christ were the sinners? Don't you think you are contradicting your own logic?

Some missionaries were going to "pray."

I said, "No, no, no, no. Don't make such an awful artificially trembling voice in front of me. But kindly teach me!"

Some missionary said, "You have read too many bad books. That has made you an evil. Give up all those horrible philosophical books and read only the Bible."

One of them expressed his suspicion that some "bad" Buddhist priest or philosopher was backing me and persuading me to put them into a great trouble.

One old lady missionary called me "very insincere" boy, and she said, "Perhaps you believe Darwin's theory too much. You know Darwin said we, the humans, are the descendants of animals. I think you are a descendant of pigs or donkeys, but we Americans are the children of God."

I never forget her own insincerely sneering face. I was almost crying. I said, "Why are all you honourable missionaries suspecting me

in that way ? Can't you see how sincere I am ? Have I ever tried to oppose against the Christianity ? Nay, I am studying the Bible with all my heart and soul. I am trying to make myself a Christian. Only I cannot understand the Bible, and I am asking what I could not understand with my own knowledge."

My tears were streaming out.

One missionary said, " If you are so earnest, why don't you pray to God ? He will show you the way."

I said, " How could I pray without knowing the real God ? It is written in the Bible that Christ said, ' Don't worship any idol.' Suppose if I imagined a God in my heart, and that imagination of mine was wrong, he is a god no longer, but an idol ; only I don't carve this imaginative idol with material, that is all the difference. How could I pray to such an idol against the words of the Bible ? "

One of them seemed rather angry and said, " The best way for this sickening boy is to send for a doctor. He is not quite right."

Mr. Iinuma soothed them and said, " Please treat this poor boy more kindly. He is quite young, and only so earnest. If he gets faith once, he may become most useful evangelist."

A JAPANESE IDEA ON CHRISTIANITY

Iinuma took me to his house.

"Well, Markino San," he said, "such are those ignorant missionaries. I am very sorry for you. Don't you remember I told you about one year ago that my Christian faith is different, and that you should better study from the missionaries? I said that because my motto on the religion is, "One who is contented with a small thing is the happiest." Our faith is just like the water in a bowl. If the bowl is small, small quantity of water will make it full. But if it is large, more water is needed to fill it up. I did wish for your own sake that you could get into faith quite easily. However, I find out that your heart is too large to fill up faith from the missionaries' lectures. Mine is just like yours. That is our fate. I had a great struggle, and finally got such different faith from the ordinary Christians. I cannot believe many words in the Bible. But remember the religion is entirely different from the philosophies. You must not argue everything with your logic. It is by faith. Christ said, 'You can save yourselves only by your own faith.' Let your God be so-called 'idol' by you. It does not matter. If you have faith in Him, He is the real God, and if you don't, He is merely an idol. Per-

haps you don't know what is the Buddhism. It is just same with the Christianity.

" Once upon a time there was an old woman in a little village. She was hopelessly ignorant, but had devoted faith in Buddha. Some wicked boys wanted to play a joke on her. They hid themselves behind the Buddha's image in a temple. When this old woman came to worship the Buddha, one of those boys shouted to her, ' Behold, there will be a big flood in this village, and all villagers shall be perished. But, old woman, you are so faithful, therefore I, Buddha, will save your life and all your property. I, Buddha, will let you know when that flood will be. Come to that bridge in front of my temple every morning and watch. If you see a blood stain on that bridge, that is the sign of flood.'

" The old woman thanked the Buddha's image and promised to be very faithful. Since then she used to go to that sacred bridge every morning. Those wicked boys were laughing at her to be deceived so easily. One morning they stained the bridge with chicken's blood. The old woman said, ' Now the flood is coming ! ' She took all her property on a hill and deserted her house. On the very same evening the dyke of a large lake on the hill was corrupted quite accidentally, and the flood swept away whole village. Only

this ignorant but most faithful woman alone was saved.

"Now, you see, Markino, what faith does mean."

Then he opened the New Testaments and we read some chapters of the Acts. It was the part of St. Paul, and I learnt how much he opposed against the Christianity when he was called Saul, and how he was converted on the way to Damascus, and how earnest an evangelist he became!

Iinuma said to me, "I am sure St. Paul was the favourite of God, even in those days when he was Saul, because he was quite sincere to his own conscience. If God wants one to be a Christian He will demand him so. Therefore you yourself be always sincere. This world is no more than biology, and the battle between so-called 'good' and 'bad.' That is to say, everything is growing by biology and everybody is fighting for their own existence against each other's will, 'good' and 'bad.'

"This fighting is just like chess or draught players. Some philosophical bystander may laugh at the players being so eager to win, and he may say, 'What is the matter with you? It's only a game!' It sounds awfully clever, but he is wrong. Some philosophers call this world 'Fiction,' and it is a fiction indeed. But, after all, we all are humans,

and have human bodies and human feelings, therefore if we are sincere, we ought to fight against evil very earnestly. That is the reason I have become a Christian, to fight against all the evils. Of course the Buddhism would do quite well for this purpose. But remember, the Buddhism has been in our country so long. They are getting more ' in form ' while the Christianity is so fresh and has more life to us. It will wake up all those people with corrupted morals."

I was much interested with his theory, and I used to visit him very often, and we always had very lively discussions. I came back to my conscience, and thought that I was quite wrong to judge such a big question with my little knowledge. I began to listen to everybody and to all the missionaries' sermons in dead silence. Very often I wanted to put serious questions upon the missionaries, but something always whispered in my ear, " No, no, wait until you grow up." The missionaries seemed to be very pleased with me, because I did not give any troubles again. At the same time I studied my English lessons very hard.

At this time the missionaries persuaded us the schoolboys to organize Y.M.C.A., and some of my classmates began their preaching in some halls or in the streets. I opposed against them

most seriously. I said to them, "What! You, little boys in your early teenth, preach the public? How dare you do such things without any knowledge in your heads? We, all boys, are quite blind yet. The blinds shall never be able to guide the others. You may give them some harm, but not any harvest, by all means. On the other hand, the time is very precious for us, the young boys, to study more, and if you are running about for nothing, you shall never attain any knowledge all your life. I am sure the time will come some day that you shall repent."

Their answer was, "Our hon. missionaries want us to do that, and we must obey them!"

I said, "O, ignorant missionaries are ruining our country!"

Only two boys had the same opinions with me. They were Kawai and Yamada. Strange to say, I had good news of these two. Kawai is the Postmaster-General of Yokohama, and Yamada is a very successful business man in Tokio now. But those Y.M.C.A. boys have done nothing all these long years.

CHAPTER X

SOME MISSIONARIES—GOOD AND BAD

TO my great delight, Mr. John Ballagh came to Nagoya and had a preaching in a hall. He was one of the three elder Americans who came to Japan quite early. The other two were Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Birbeck. They often had very narrow escape under the swords of those anti-foreigner members. In his preaching Mr. Ballagh told us with his excellent Japanese all about his early experiences in Japan.

I knew him by the name some long time before, and I used to worship him as one of the great men.

No sooner than he finished his speech I ventured and introduced myself to him, and said to him, "I have some great question in my heart about the Christianity, for which I have never got any satisfaction, and I often succumb into restlessness. Now I am so happy to meet you. I sincerely beseech you to guide me through all these difficulties."

He said he was going to stay in Nagoya only for three days more, but he would be delighted to

see me every morning at nine o'clock during his stay.

Next morning I went to his room with my classmate Yamada, whose mind was in the same state with mine.

First of all I told him how I had been studying the Bible and how difficult it was to believe Christ as the Son of God. Also I told him what Iinuma said to me.

Mr. Ballagh gave us such a tender smiling and patted our shoulders, saying in Japanese, " O-Koni no Wakai O Kata, makotomi kanshin shimasu ! " (I sincerely admire the Hon. young men in your Hon. Country.) " You are well educated and very philosophical. I am so shamefully ignorant of your high philosophies. Neither do I understand the Bible thoroughly. How good was that which Mr. Iinuma said to you ! Indeed, we Christians have nothing but Faith unto God. Through this Faith I have been perfectly happy all the time. I feel I am blessed by God. Have you read all the Holy Gospels ? "

" No."

" Oh, that is more important than the Old Testament. That is the book you shall get Faith in God."

" No, no, Mr. Ballagh, that is the book I cannot believe."

He smiled, and said, " Let us read it now." He opened the fourteenth chapter of St. John. He started the first paragraph : " Let not your heart be troubled," etc. etc. We three had to read alternately. Paragraph 8 was his turn : " Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." " There you see Philip made the same question as you ; and let us see what the next paragraph says. Then we came to this paragraph: "If ye shall ask anything in My name, ye shall receive it."

Here Mr. Ballagh said, " Now let us pray." We all kneeled down and prayed.

Next two mornings we had the Bible reading just the same. I enjoyed fifteenth chapter of St. John, too. But Mr. Ballagh said, " Perhaps Romans would suit you Japanese best." And so it was. For instance, fifteenth paragraph of twelfth chapter : " Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." We have exactly same motto in Japan : " Grieve before any neighbours grieve, and rejoice after every one has rejoiced ! "

Perhaps I was most interested in fourteenth chapter of Romans :

(1) " Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to *doubtful disputation.*

(2) " For one believeth that he may eat all things : another, who is weak, eateth herbs.

(3) "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth: for God hath received him."

On the third morning Mr. Ballagh said that it was the last morning and that he regretted much for not being able to stay with us any longer. However philosophical or logical I might be, I was only a young boy, after all. Therefore I was much moved by his paternal love. It was very difficult for me to keep away from my tears.

A few days passed since he went away to his home in Yokohama, and every morning I felt to miss him more and more. I wrote him that if I could live near him and see him every day I might be able to become an earnest Christian, so I was intending to go to Yokohama.

He answered me immediately.

Unfortunately I have lost his letter, but the meaning was something like this: "I am very happy to think that my little lecture had so much effect upon you. I thoroughly understand that you young children want to be under some elder person's kind leading. Indeed, I love you dearly, but remember I am only a human same with you. And we all are the Children of God. His Love is a thousand times more than mine. Therefore I don't see any necessity for you to live with me. But read

the New Testament; you shall get the eternal happiness. If you don't understand anything, ask your own Missionary teachers. They are as good as myself."

I showed this letter to Yamada, and said, "I am sure it was all our own fault to think those missionaries are rotten. Mr. Ballagh can speak Japanese so well, therefore we can realize his kindness. All other missionaries must be as good as he is. Only they cannot speak Japanese well, and our English is miserably poor. That is the reason we often misunderstand each other. Let us study the English very hard, and at the same time read the New Testament, too."

Yamada and I read the New Testament all through, and we repeated again and again those chapters which Mr. Ballagh showed us.

We tried to have Faith in the Bibles and the Missionaries both. But, alas! both were quite failures. As long as I tried to be sincere to my own conscience I could not believe Christ, only I envied those who could have faith, because it must be the happiest thing for them.

About the Christian Faith I am intending to write one chapter later on, so I am not going to talk of it now.

About those missionaries we began to observe many rotten things day after day, although we

tried hard to respect them. Surely they were not same with Mr. Ballagh !

First of all, there were many missionaries representing each their own sects, such as Methodist Protestants, Methodist Episcopal Congregation, Presbyterian, Baptist, etc. etc. They all were mocking, fighting and attacking each other. They often told us, the schoolboys, about some bad thing of their own brothers and sisters in the different sects. It was simply sickening. Then their behaviour of the money matter was still worse.

Here I sincerely admit that there were many bad merchants and riksha-men in Japan. They used to cheat the foreign tourists, and perhaps this was too much impressed in the missionaries' heads. However, I must freely say the missionaries were absolutely wrong as well.

For instance, there was a riksha ride from Atsuta to our school in Nagoya. It was two miles and a half. Some well-to-do Japanese gentlemen would pay from 15 sens up to 20 sens. And even we poor schoolboys used to pay 12 sens. I think that was the lowest possible fare at that time (it was over twenty years ago, and now it must be much higher). But those missionaries always engaged the rikshas without settling the payment, and when they got off they paid only 10 sens, and banged the door and went into their house. The

riksha-men shouted "Tarimasen, Tarimasen!" (Not enough, not enough!). They would knock the door. The missionaries never took any notice of that. I often heard some rough riksha-men shouting, "O you Hon. Foreign Thieves! Fancy you treat us like this, and then on Sundays you preach with crying voices in the Church! Who could believe you, the Hypocrites?"

It was unbearable for me to listen to. Several times I tried to negotiate them. I begged the missionaries to pay the proper fare. They always said to me, "Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta! Anata amari yakaneashii!" (You too noisy). It was hopeless.

At that time I quite decided in my childish mind that some day I must appeal to the whole world, especially to the Americans at home, who were sending these missionaries. Of course, this is an old story of some eighteen or nineteen years ago, and I sincerely hope it is not like this to-day.

I may add one more story in China, which I heard from one of my Japanese friends. He had travelled inside of China and then came to London. Our conversation turned into the subject of the anti-foreign feeling in China. He exclaimed with emphasy, "Oh, it was those ignorant Missionaries' fault! You see, those real gentlemen in China would never be converted into Christians. They are either Confucians or Buddhists. Only some

ruffians would come to the missionaries : they have too much debts to pay, or they commit thefts or robbery, sometimes even murder. Then they make the Christian chapels as their refuge. They tell the missionaries that they are converted, and when those good people who had suffered from these ruffians come to claim them, the refugees creep to the missionaries and beg their help, saying, ' These pagans come to attack us because we are converted Christians.' The ignorant missionaries would not hand these ' Christians ' to the ' pagans.' This is the origin of all the trouble in China."

Such is the story I was told. Although I have confidence in my Japanese friend, I must say I cannot have all the responsibility in this matter at the present moment. For the question is rather too big to rely upon only the third person's tongue. Some day if I have chance to go to China certainly I shall witness this matter with my own eyes, and give the world my confirmation whether it is accurate information or not. Anyhow, I feel it is worth for the missionary board to take the precaution about it, all the same.

Now, returning to my old missionary school, the head missionary had imported his newly married wife from America. They both were quite young. However, their awfully sticky behaviour was too irritable to our Japanese eyes. During the lesson

hours in the classrooms the wife was always sitting on her husband's lap, and they embraced each other and were kissing all the time, so busy to kiss that the teacher could not answer to the questions by the students. Some schoolboys were very indignant. They said, " It is beyond the words. They must be thinking us the Japanese no more than cats or dogs, because before the humans they ought not to show such behaviour."

Most of them began to strike, and left the school altogether.

I said, " Let them think we are cats and dogs if they like. At the present moment I myself find no other way to study the English lessons, so I shall persevere."

On Sundays they often did not turn to the sermon at all. All the congregation had to wait one or two hours for nothing, then they were dispersed for their disappointment.

CHAPTER XI

MY HARD LIFE FOR THE STUDY

ONE day that newly married missionary said that it was his intention to discontinue the school because he came to Japan only to preach and he could not find the time to teach English. That was the end of everything, and I had to go back and join to my father and brother in a deep, mountainous village. It was quite out of the world, and I felt rather gloomy. My father told me his debts were getting less and less, and if I waited another year he would send me to Tokio to study. But to me at that time one year seemed ever, ever so long. One day I had a walk in a deep valley and I saw a little streamlet. The water was running incessantly between the rocks and grasses. I watched it, and I was in a serious mood. I said to myself, " Look at that water. It has to run round all those curves, but as it never stops it will go through all those wide valleys, and some day it will join to the grand ocean. O let me work, too! Although I cannot see a glimpse of my ambition now, some day I shall be able to go out to a grand

ocean. Let there be any amount of rocks and precipices, I shall go round and round them all. Only I must not waste time in vain ! "

I thought the first important thing for me was to learn the English. But it was difficult for me to study without teachers. After two months' time I had a letter from Mr. Iinuma : " My dear Master Markino, nevertheless our missionary's opinion is different, we, all the Japanese teachers, have decided to reopen our school. We are going to work voluntarily without salaries for a while. We hear some more superior teachers are coming from America in a few months, and we are going to build a new school, too. I believe it would be better for you to join to our school than to be in such a lonely village. Come immediately, although we all are poor, we shall do our best for you. You know how we all are fond of you," etc. etc.

I was quite excited, and came out to Nagoya next day.

The missionary wanted a copy of his preaching-book in Japanese. He suggested to " let Markino copy a book for a few sens." It was about ninety pages, and he said, " Do that within a week ! " I thought a whole week lessons were far more valuable than a few sens. But I could not refuse, because my head was quite Japanese then, and I thought I must be very loyal to my Hon. teacher. Yet I could

A LITTLE STREAMLET IN HIGASHIKAMO

not waste a whole week. Therefore I decided to get rid of it in a night. I started my work at five or six in the evening, and I tried to write as quick as possible for all night. The whole book was done by eight o'clock next morning. Mr. Iinuma came to the school and saw me first. He stared at me with half admiration and half amazement. "I know your nature quite well, so I must not be surprised at it, but, my dear child, you must not kill yourself."

He took that book to the missionary. The missionary said, quite thoughtlessly and heartlessly, "If Markino could work so quickly, let him do more copies." Iinuma was very indignant. He explained to the missionary how I valued the time for studying, and begged him not to give more works to me.

This time I was very, very poor. I had money scarcely enough to have my daily meals. I could not afford to buy an Anglo-Japanese Dictionary. I used to study my English lesson when some of my classmates were gone for walk, and I used their dictionary. Not only the dictionary, but many lesson-books, too.

The summer had come. One who has not been in Japan does not know how many mosquitoes we have in summer. Well, I could not buy a mosquito-net. It was impossible to sleep without a net.

Therefore I studied all the night-time. Mosquitoes were good encouragement to wake me up from sleepness. And I slept in the daytime after the school hours. It was getting cold later, and I had not enough bed-cloth, so I slept with all my day clothes on.

There was a very funny incident about it. A missionary was removing from one house to another, and some heavy carpet was left. So I had this carpet over my bed one night. It smelt so dusty and it was too heavy, and I felt pain in every bone the whole next day.

This time I suffered both bodily and mentally. Perhaps the mental suffering was more trying for me. That is to say, the question of the Christian Faith. Mencius alone was my consolation then: "When the Heaven wants to perform a great duty in this world, first of all He makes one's heart suffer, one's muscles and bones worn out, one's stomach hungry, and, moreover, He would make one disappointed in every attempt to succeed: all because one must know how to persevere himself, and how to sympathize his neighbours, and after that one can do what the ordinary people cannot." In my boyish mind I had such confidence that the Heaven would give me a great duty in future. Therefore I was quite contented with all my difficulties. But sometimes the trial was too great for me to conquer,

and I often felt quite blue. Only the person whom I told everything was my favourite teacher Mr. Iinuma. I used to visit on him almost every day, and I said to him, " I feel I am such a strong Conservative. For I am always looking backward to my early life. It is so sweet to recollect my past life when I was seven or eight, and my present life is awfully acid."

Iinuma used to say that it all depended on my condition. " At your early life you had quite comfortable time. But now you have lost your dearest mother, and you are extremely poor. Remember one always recollects his most comfortable time. One day, when you fulfil your ambition and marry, you will be perfectly happy, and you will worship your wife as much as your deceased mother ! "

I think I was very much impressed by his lecture. That was why I used to think of marriage until only a few years ago. But who knew my hard life should have to last for nearly twenty years more ?

Within four or five months after the Japanese teachers reopened the school voluntarily we had a happy news that some more American teachers arrived, and immediately they started to build a magnificent new school.

But those new American teachers were disappointing, for they were quite uneducated, ignorant people as usual. Here is a very comical story. We had a

physics lesson three times a week, and Stuart's *Physics* was used as the technical book. The reader would remember this book well. In the chapter on Gravity, Velocity, and Force, Stuart explained the movement of the moon, using easy plain geometry, and also in the chapter of Magnets he introduced most elementary Trigonometry. To our surprise, that American teacher evidently had no knowledge of even such elementary Geometry or Trigonometry. He could not explain them at all; while we, the schoolboys, understood them thoroughly. We laughed, and the teacher blushed his face. Some of my classmates said, "It is too ridiculous to look upon such an ignorant person as our teacher."

I said, "You are only too true. But remember if you want a jolly good lesson, you had better go to our Government College, where you meet the best professors. Here we are learning the English conversation directly from the real Americans. I really think it is awfully good exercise of the English conversation to have such a hot discussion on our lessons."

However, it happened that all the teachers were to have a Faculty meeting, and one of them asked us if we, the schoolboys, had any complaining, to write it down and send it to that meeting.

We wrote a note saying, "We have recognized

Mr. V., the new teacher, is not a scientist, therefore we object to have the physics lesson from him."

One of the teachers read our note at the Faculty meeting. Mr. V. was frightfully hurt, and all the others did not know what to do. Two Japanese teachers came to us and asked us to apologize to Mr. V. I think one boy did so; but all the others could not agree to it.

I said, "Let us strike!" I wrote a note on the blackboard in our classroom, "We orphanage boys know not whom to look upon as our worshipped teacher."

Then we did not attend the school, but marched on to the Mount Yagoto. There we had a whole day picnic.

Mr. Iinuma came to us and said, "Well, dear young men, I thoroughly understand you. But remember, those missionaries come far from America. They are Hon. guests to our country. Therefore you should have treated them more kindly." We all apologized to Mr. Iinuma very sincerely.

Iinuma had to teach us the Japanese literature, and it was this time I learnt *Kogiki*, *Tosa Nikki*, *Genji-Monogatari*, etc. etc. I was so fond of those ancient Japanese classics. Iinuma often said to me, "Well, Markino San, you always bring out difficult questions at the Bible-class, why do you keep your-

self so quiet in this class ? Don't you understand the Japanese classics ? "

I said, " On the contrary, I love these books so much. They get into my heart smoothly, and I have no questions at all."

Indeed, in this lesson I learnt the humanity more than ever.

There was a young man from my own village, and he entered into the Medical College in the same town. One day he attempted to commit suicide and failed. The cause for his suicide was a very silly reason. All my boy-friends visited on this medical student at a hospital. They argued me saying, " Isn't that student from your own village ? Isn't he your dear friend ? Don't you know he is quite ill ? Why don't you visit him ? "

" Nonsense ! " was my reply to every one. " If he met with accident, certainly I should visit him and give my sincere sympathy. But he did try to commit suicide and he could not succeed. What could I say to him ? Only the words I may tell him are, I am sorry he could not succeed with his will. And if he ever had a manly spirit, surely he would be too ashamed to face me while he is in such a condition. Of course I do not wish him to die. Only I want him to get rid of such a silly idea. I shall wait until he will be quite recovered and then I shall continue my friendship with him just

same as before. But I dare not utter a single word about his stupid attempt."

Some boys agreed with me, but those so-called "Earnest Christian" boys attacked my opinion, and said I was heartless. And I lamented, "Indeed, the Christianity is destroying our Bushido and making these youngsters so weak-minded!"

CHAPTER XII

FURTHER EXPERIENCES IN A MISSIONARY SCHOOL

ON one of these days I went to a seashore with a missionary and learnt how to swim—to say more correctly, "to float," for I only began to lift my head above the water, and I could not go on. Next day I came back to the school and I went to Yada River with a school servant called Masu-San. There was a tunnel for water some three hundred yards under the Yada River. Masu-San and I began to swim near the gate of that tunnel. Suddenly I realized that I could swim quite well. So I wanted to swim through to the other gate. But above the river there was a bridge and road with full traffic, and I did not want to come back through this bridge quite naked. I asked Masu-San to take all my kimonos to the other side.

Masu-San refused, and said it was too dangerous for me to swim through the tunnel. I said, "O, you coward rabbit! If you object to take my kimonos, it would not make any difference to me. I shall swim all the same."

I was going to jump in. He caught me fast and shouted "Police, police!" in his despair.

A policeman was really coming. So we both put on our kimonos in a great hurry and ran away. Afterwards I was told that the tunnel had a whirlpool under the river, and it was a most dangerous

THE SCHOOL GROUND

one. Even an expert swimmer would not dare to go in. Masu-San was always proud that he "saved my life."

I was such a cake-eater! And so were Yamada and Tokida. A confectionary man used to come three times a week. We spent all our pocket-money for cakes. Once I bought the whole lot that the man

brought. There were some hundred cakes. We could not eat all. We began to play "snow-ball game," throwing jelly cakes to each other's faces. Our faces, clothes, and some walls, Shojis, were splashed with these cakes. A teacher saw us and he was very angry. He prohibited the confectionary to come to the school.

The new school building was in a rapid progress. There they made very high scaffold. I used to climb up the top. The view was awfully nice up there. One day I persuaded Mr. Iinuma and Mr. Ogawa to climb up to see the nice view. They were trembling on the scaffold. But Iinuma was such a philosophical one. He came back to his own conscience and said in an easy smile, "This is nothing. Our daily life is perhaps even more dangerous, only we are ignorant to realize it."

Perhaps he said this to caution me. However, I took it on the other way round. I thought it was only too true. I must not be too coward for anything. I decided to walk on any dangerous passage of life with the cool nerve. This decision made me come over to America and Europe with my empty pocket.

While the new building was going on we had our schoolrooms in a small Japanese style house, and we, the boarding students, were living in other surrounding houses still smaller. One evening we had a prayer-meeting in the schoolroom. After the meet-

ing was over somebody struck his head against an oil lamp which was hung above. The lamp fell down and was broken. The floating oil took fire. One missionary rubbed the fire with the back of stool. That made the oil spread out and the fire became larger. The other began to shout " Fire, fire ! " It seemed to me such a small incident made everybody crazy. I saw only Iinuma and Kawai (the youngest scholar and my favourite friend) were behaving quite cool, and standing in the corner. I smiled and said to them, " What do you think ? " They both smiled back. Iinuma said, " They are all no good. We ourselves must do something." Kawai was quick enough to say, " Sand, sand ! " We all agreed with him and brought in the sand which had been prepared for the new building in a large cloth, and covered the fire with this sand. The fire was gone. So we laughed. But we found out some oil underneath the floor, and there the fire was still burning. Iinuma said, " Bring some big stone." We brought in a large stone, and threw it at the floor. On the second throw the floor was broken. So we put out the fire with the sand again. Another fire incident happened only a few nights later. There was one boarding student called Suzuki. He was staying upstairs of my room. One night he came back from some prayer-meeting, and I heard him shouting, " Fire, fire ! " I was in bed.

I knew it was not serious, because I did not notice anything under his room. I dressed up myself and went up. My imagination was quite right. His charcoal box had too little ashes, and the floor caught fire about a yard square. By the time I went up, he and the school servant brought a bucket-ful water and they were so excited to pour this water a yard away from the fire. I laughed, and they were furious. The next bucket was brought in. This time I snatched it from them, and said, " Where is your Christian faith ? "

They shouted, " Markino-Kun, it is not the time to listen your beastly logic. We must put out the fire at once. Pray, don't disturb us ! "

I said, " Yes, it is the very time to ask your faith. I am not opposing against your Christianity. Have faith in God and keep yourselves quieter. About this little fire, you see thus ! " I poured the water upon the fire and it went out immediately.

I always had a great objection against so-called prayer-meetings. My idea was this. If God is Almighty He ought to know inside of our hearts no sooner than we desire something. Indeed, our sincere desires themselves are the real prayers to God. Then why should we waste our precious studying time for such prayer-meetings so often ? Nay, not only wasting time, but I found out most grievous fact in the prayer-meetings. Those so-

called earnest Christians secluded themselves in the churches and began to leak out loudly all their own private troubles. They started with these words, " O Almighty God," etc. etc., in their crying voices. But in fact they were not praying to God, but only to buy others' sympathies. Indeed, I heard more than once some of them talking thus, " Did you hear Mr. So-and-so's prayers to-night ? He must be suffering very much. Let us help him."

I said, " Certainly not. He was praying to God only. That was all. If he needs our help he ought to come to us and beg our help."

How coward ! How hypocrite ! I was awfully angry. Our beautiful ethic " Bushido " teaches us to persevere all difficulties in silence. And now this Christian prayer-meeting was giving terrible injury to Bushido. I exclaimed, " Surely the prayer-meeting will make our nation into weak-minded hypocrites who don't know the word ' Shame ' ! "

However, my anger was much soothed when Mr. Danjo Yebina came to have a speech in a hall. He was a Japanese pastor, and his Christian faith was founded upon the Bushido.

He said, " I suppose most of you in this hall must be the Christians. Your duty is not to attend to the Church and sacrifice all your lifetime for prayers or Bible-readings, but to go outside the Church and do your respective works most sincerely.

If you are students, study your lessons hard; if you are a farmer, cultivate your ground hard, and you merchants, do your business most honestly. . . . If you are thinking that the Paradise and the Hell are separated a long distance to each other, I tell you, you are absolutely mistaken. In this world the Paradise and the Hell are only one place. And God is standing in the middle. All sorts of devils stronger than those wild beasts like lions or tigers are searching you. If you go to God and beg His assistance, He wouldn't protect you. You might easily be eaten by those devils in front of God. Therefore you must fight against all these strong devils, and when you conquer them all, God will be pleased with you, and He will crown you. That is the real Paradise."

I was listening to his speech from the very back seat, and I dare not venture myself to flatter him. Therefore he would not know even now how much appreciative I was to his speech.

I said to my heart, "That sort of Christian is quite all right in our country. How nice to think I have a splendid Christian brother!"

In 1891 I had a happy news from my own family. They had cleared out all their debts, and my father and brother both came back to our dear old village Koromo.

Of course my old home was sold, and they lived

in a very small house. However, it was so nice to visit them. My sister and her husband had their house very near, too. Whenever I had a little vacation at the school I always went home. I was such a homesick boy, and the vacations were not

MY FATHER AND I AT THE RUINS OF OUR OLD CASTLE

quite enough for my home visiting, so if I found out the school lessons were not quite important to attend, I always absented myself from the school and went home. My father was growing much older, and he was still more getting affectionate to me. My greatest pleasure was to accompany him to the ruins of our old castles and listen to his ex-

planation about our ancestors. Then my sister had a little girl about five or six years old. I heartily loved this girl, but I did not know how to treat such a little baby. I only used to look at her. But strange to say, it seemed this little child knew my heart thoroughly, for she was more attached to me than to any other persons who knew how to treat and charm the children quite well. In the morning when I wanted to go back to the school my sister used to carry the girl on her back to accompany me to the boundary of the village, and see me off. Whenever I tried to say good-bye to the child, she started to cry and refused to part from me. I said, "Well, the school lessons are not so important this time, I will stay another day." And we all went home again, and the child was so happy. But the next morning I had to repeat the same thing again. In that way, I was often detained day after day. All my family said to me, "Now you must go back to the school. You will not be able to part from the child for ever. The only way is get up early and go away while the child is still sleeping." And I was obliged to do so.

I had to pass one New Year in the school. The new building was not completed yet, and I was still living in that old little room.

Iinuma invited me and Yamada for "*joya*." *Joya* means "Ignoring the night." It is the ancient

Japanese and Chinese custom to keep the whole New Year Eve sleepless and try to compose poetry, paint picture, etc. etc.

(Here I must explain to the reader that we celebrate the New Year at the dawn and not at twelve o'clock.)

We three had a tea ceremony first, then spent the rest of night by talking about the relationship of the Christianity, Buddhism, and Philosophy. The

THE MOUNT HACHIMAN

dawn had come. Yamada and I bid good-bye to Iinuma, and we two decided to see the New Year sunrise at the Mount Hachiman. The view was beautiful, but I was so sleepy. I don't remember how, but I slept a little on the top of the mountain.

When I got up Yamada was not there (afterwards he told me he was sleeping under some tree, too).

Anyhow, I came back to my room. I did not want to be disturbed by New Year callers. Therefore I pasted four sheets of paper together on my

door and made a big placard with these verses, " There is no calendar in this house. Though the Old Year passed away I know not the New One yet. December 32nd. Yoshio Markino." And I slept in my bed. I was awaken about 4 p.m. To my surprise I saw many visitors' cards near my pillow. Among them I found out a note by Mr. Maruyama. He was the head Japanese professor in our school and I was his favourite. I read his note thus, " Although I noticed your beautiful verses on the door, I ventured myself into your room, as I wanted my dear little Master Markino to join my ' Happy New Year ' at home. You are sleeping fast, while I am writing this. So I shan't disturb you. But as soon as you are awaken, come to my house."

I ran up to his house immediately, and spent the New Year as happy as if I was in my own home.

Now, going back to my schoolboy life, the new building was completed, a beautiful Western architecture ! And an elaborated school catalogue was printed. In this catalogue I found out Mr. V., one of the American missionaries, was entitled " Shingáku Buchō " (the headmaster of the Theological Department). I asked Mr. Iinuma if they were going to put the theological lessons in the school. He said, " Oh, no. Mr. V. is only going to continue his little Bible-class on Wednesday nights just as it has been. But you see, all other

missionaries have some heading such as "Principal of the College," or "M.A.," etc. etc., and now Mr. V. feels so depressed that his name should be printed without any title." I was frightfully amused. Iinuma said to me, "Don't give such wicked smile! You see, it is the human nature that every one wants some title, and even Americans, who claim themselves most democratic in the world, would like some title, after all!"

CHAPTER XIII

I WAS THE LOVER OF NATURE

WHEN I was a boy, perhaps the picnic was my favourite treat, but I was frightfully disappointed with the way the missionaries had picnic. They would take us the boys to some country and there they started to play tennis, football or baseball. If they wanted to do these games, the school ground was much better. The Japanese country is full of poetic atmosphere and there are many legends. How pity to ignore all these and play such wild games!

I began to have my own picnics quite alone, with a few poetry books in my hand. Such places like Ryusenji, Yagoto or Yadagawa were my most favourite places. Especially in spring or autumn the promenade round these places was very fascinating. In Japan spring is full of brightness and romance, while autumn is solemn and in solitude. I loved both. I absented from the school lessons—sometimes three days in a week. For me it was far better sermon to chase after butterflies, listen to the birds singing, or to pick up the wild

flowers than to attend to those dried-up and very sleepy preachings at the Sunday-school.

Now let me write about my impressions upon the Nature. What a great difference has taken place in me since then! It must be remembered that I was not a professional artist at that time. I was always a friend to the Nature. If I went out to the open field I enjoyed to breathe the fresh air first, then those singing birds seemed as if they were calling me. Even branches of the trees looked as if they were beckoning me. And I went deeply into the Nature as if I were one of them. When I leaned against a tree I felt I was a tree, and when I watched the birds I felt I was a bird, too. Sometimes I was a light butterfly flying over the meadow-flowers. Sometimes I was a cricket singing in the bushes. I quite remember I spent a whole morning watching the twinkling stream of the crystal-like water of the River Yada, and my soul was flowing in it. I picked up a snow-white blossom of Sagi-So to smell its scent and I forgot whether *I* was the flower or that little flower in my own hands was myself.

Such a dreaming boy I was then, and my imagination was mystified in the purple spring haze which covered the bottom of those snow-crowned mountains in distance.

It is quite natural that when one is young, the

more he begins to observe the Nature, the more he begins to wonder. For everything is so new to his eyes. But everything gets absolutely changed for one whose age reaches above thirty. His sense is no longer as keen as when he was a child. However, in my own case, there is a great reason why I am so changed toward the Nature : I have become an artist and I have to think how to paint the views.

Last October (1910) I was in Florence. I had a drive with one of my John Bulless friends in that famous Cascine Park. Those dwarf bushes had already received golden autumn tints on their leaves, while the giant cypresses were giving " evergreen " high above, in the sky.

It was just the sunset time and all the distant hills were changing their complexion every minute. Those which faced towards the west looked as if they were intoxicated by the evening sunbeam, while those which faced the opposite direction looked pale and sad in the shade. It was the real beauty of the Nature. My John Bulless friend was sunk deeply into her amazement and appreciation of the Providence. I, too, was quite excited and could not keep silence. I began to talk to myself, " Ah, that part is cobalt-blue a little mixed with neutral tint. That tree is yellow-ochre and light red. Oh, what colour would you use for that water ? "

READING "EVANGELINE" AT YAGOTO

She sighed, " Oh, you mad artist, can't you be quiet ? You are frightfully disturbing my day-dream."

I often get cross with people who tell me, " Since you have become an artist your poetic nature is lamentably victimized ! " For I myself am getting happier and more enthusiastic with the Nature than in those days when I did not know even the names of the paints. It is unavoidable result when one gets into any speciality. Once I heard that a certain undertaker met with a giant. The first thought which came into the undertaker's mind was, " How long must I make the coffin for that man when he dies ! "

To-day I am meeting with many English people. It is a great amazement to me to find out in them such dirty commercial spirits. They must know how sacred and how sweet does the word " friendship " mean. But alas ! these have gone too deeply into their own *speciality*—that is to say, *Business.* They are scraping out every tiny copper in spite of losing that tender sentiment called " friendship " which is the real beauty of the Nature. If you forgive me getting too technical of Art, I shall freely forgive those dirty commercial spirits, too.

As I began to understand the English I started reading some poetry books, Longfellow's *Evangeline* first ! I took it to the Mount Yagoto and lay down

on the grass under a tree and read it. I spent the whole day, until it became too dark to read.

I was very slow to read the English, and about half of *Evangeline* was left. Next day I went to the same place, with the *Evangeline* and some sandwich. This time I finished all and came back under the moonbeam.

Oh, I forget to tell you the distance. Yagoto was about three miles away from our school. On the way back, I felt as if I was quite melted into the fumes of those spring flowers which surrounded me! Indeed, this was the first time in my life to read love-story.

In Japan, love used to be prohibited as a sort of sin. At least I believed in that way. I think the chief reason was that we mixed up the real human love with ugly passions. And, in fact, I had full romance in my heart at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and I was only trying to perish it, thinking it was the worst kind of temptation. Now the *Evangeline* was a great revelation to my heart, and quite agreeable one, too. It encouraged the pure love. It was a great lesson to me. I thought when the human love was pure and sincere it was most beautiful thing. Why do poets always compare the humans with birds or flowers, and why are those women so contented to be compared with them? Surely the human beauty is far more beautiful than

any birds or flowers! I became such an earnest love-story hunter. Next I read *Priscilla*, *Paul and Virginia*, and *Enoch Arden*.

I suppose these love poetries made me feel more eager than ever to go to America. I used to compose my poetries only about the views, but now I found out more brilliant pearls in human hearts. I said to myself, "Let me go to the Western countries, where they welcome love freely. I shall get lots of beautiful materials to compose poetries." Later on, when I arrived at San Francisco, I was miserably disappointed, because it seemed to me people down there were thinking nothing but "almighty dollars." I complained very much against those poetries or novels which never talked about the money matters. They utterly deceived me. Even now I have the same idea. Why do the poets or writers generally skip off the money matter which displays inside the human hearts so much, and which is very important element in our daily life, too? Most tragedies in this world always spring up from the money matter. I really think that stories which have no money matter are very false graphics. By the way, I have read Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* at the same time. It impressed me so much so that I dreamed about Westminster Abbey more than once. And I am glad to say when I saw the real Abbey, I found out it was more dignified and

more poetic than my dreams. Then other favourite chapters in his book were "Pride of Village," "Widow and her Son," and "Wife." In the later chapter Irving described the difficulty of money matters. I sincerely thank him. He did not deceive me at all. Have I seen such sweet wives in England? I must give a positive answer, but I shan't write much about English women here, because I have already written another book exclusively about them, called *My Idealed John Bullesses.*

CHAPTER XIV

THE EARTHQUAKE

THE world-known great catastrophe of the dreadful earthquake befell upon us on the early days of October, 1891.

The Japanese nation shall never forget this disastrous event in all its life. I was one of those who had a very narrow escape. My memory is still so vivid. Now let me write all that I have witnessed with my own eyes !

Our school used to have the prayers before the lessons in the mornings. Some Japanese Christians proposed to our school that they all wanted to join in the morning prayer for fortnight (from October 1st to October 14th). That took one hour every morning. Frankly, I hated this prayer-meeting. Several mornings I succeeded to slip off from the meeting and have a walk in the fresh morning air. In fact, it was much better for the health both mentally and physically. But one morning while I was eating my breakfast I was caught by a missionary and he forced me to join the prayer-meeting.

We all were gathered in a large hall of the school.

I think there were about fifty peoples all together. When individual prayers were finished, Mr. Maruyama (the head Japanese professor) began the Lord's Prayer.

I heard a big sound, something like cannon, from the north-west direction. Immediately the earth began to shake. First, a sudden strong perpendicular shaking, and then very severe horizontal shaking. It was awfully severe! I felt as if I were on waves. The plaster of the ceilings and walls were falling upon us, and the desks and stools began to dance and fall. Nevertheless Mr. Maruyama was steadily continuing the Lord's Prayer. We all Japanese boys thought it was too rude to lift up our heads during the prayer. I heard one or two persons were running out. I did not pay any attention to that. The prayer was finished and we all joined to the final " amen."

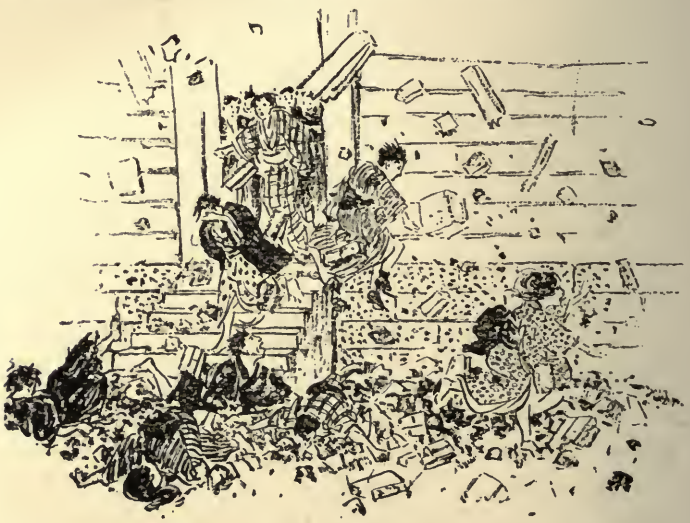
When we lifted up our heads and stood up at last we looked at each other's faces with surprise for a second or two. For it was far worse than the imagination of any of us. Some part of the walls were utterly destroyed. The corner of the ceilings cracked a foot wide. The window-glasses smashed —lamps fell down—the bell was ringing itself

The shock was still getting severer. All these floors, doors, walls, windows, were in curved lines in willy-nilly way. We could not walk straight.

Most people were frightfully excited; they all hurried to the side door. Iinuma had a cool head. He shouted, "To the front door, please! To the front door!" Indeed, if they all went out to the front door, nobody would have hurt themselves because the front door was under a gable and it was quite safe. But those excited people pushed everybody to the side door. Iinuma himself was pushed out to the same way, too. When I came out to the side door I saw several people fallen down on the steps, and some tiles and chimney bricks were pouring upon them. The steps were a little higher than myself, and there were not railings. I jumped on the left side of the steps from the main floor. Beside those bricks and tiles and pieces of timbers, some fine dust of plasters was falling. It was thicker than London fogs, and I could not see anything through them. I was standing on the same spot for a few seconds. It was still shaking. (Afterwards I learnt that the earthquake continued for seven or eight minutes.)

I thought there was no way to escape my death. If I stayed there, I should be buried under the building, and if I walked on I should be struck by those heavy lumps of bricks. In my childish mind, I really thought that was "the end of the world," which the missionaries often talked about. I said to myself, "Very well, I am such a wicked one that

I cannot believe Jesus Christ, therefore if there is the hell in our future life, I shall have to go there. The hell must be more awful than this earthquake. This is nothing, then. Let me carefully taste what is the death!" Thus I decided to die.



MY NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE EARTHQUAKE

I folded my arms across my chest and walked on very slowly, and on every step I expected my death. One big mass of bricks fell down just crashing past the top of my nose, and another big one passed parallel with my back. My back received some purple marks by that. When I walked up a few steps more, I came out to the clear air on the play-

ground. I always say I saved my life because I decided to die. Several of the students wanted to save themselves and ran quick on that uneven ground while it was shaking severely. They fell down and perished under the falling bricks. I thought it was simply miracle to have escaped the death. So I laughed. Some people thought I was hysterical, and told me to "be calmed." One pointed at my feet and said, "Look at your own feet!" They were stained with blood. I said I felt nothing. When I took off my clothes I found out they were the others' blood and not mine. I realized that the situation was too serious to waste any moment in vain. I shouted to them, "I am going to fetch Dr. Ishii." Dr. Ishii was one of the ablest surgeons in the town, and a friend of mine, too. He lived in Shichi ken-Cho—a street about ten minutes' walk away. Our school was behind of a large Government building, so I could not see much of the town. But when I ran up to the other corner of this Government building and came out to the main avenue, I saw most terrible sight. That big European building of the post office was quite destroyed. All the other Japanese houses were mostly demolished.

Fire broke out somewhere, and a thick black volume of smoke was rolling up in the direction of Biwajima. I thought, "This is terrible. I am sure

the doctor could not come. Shall I go back to the school ? No, no, I must fulfil my mission. I shall go to the doctor anyhow, and see what could be done for us."

I ran up to his house. Just as my anticipation, his house was in terrible state. I thought it was useless to call him out.

When I walked back a few streets I met with many policemen marching in a row. I asked them where to get a doctor urgently. They said they were informed that Shidan (military head-quarters) were going to send out the surgeons and staffs all over the town. And one of them suggested me the best way was to hang up some big paper with a note—" Casualties here ! " It would attract their attention quickly. But almost the same moment when I went back to the school some surgeons and soldiers were coming, and they attended on us immediately.

These soldiers' work was most marvellous. They were so quick and so wonderful. The whole town might have been destroyed by the fire if the Shidan was not quick enough to send the sapper regiments, who extinguished the fire at Biwajima immediately. All the injured persons were promptly attended by the surgeons. All the demolished houses on the street were cleared up, some temporary bridges were built up in a few hours. All these wonderful works

were done by the soldiers under the solemn command of some well-balanced-minded officers.

However, the surgeons had great difficulties to operate those poor invalids. For the wells and water-works were almost destroyed, and they could not obtain clean water. Some surgeons said it was far more difficult than battlefield. In the battlefield the wounds are by swords or guns, and they have plenty of clean water. Here the wounds were by dusty tiles and bricks, and they had no water to wash. Some patients had their faces quite swelled by the poison of the plaster dust.

As far as I can remember there were no less than seventeen casualties in our school; three or four had instantaneous death, and a few survived only a little longer. I well remember the miserable death of Mr. and Mrs. Oishi. They both were buried underneath many bricks and tiles. We had to remove those things first. Some boys were taking off one brick after another. I said to them, "I say, you are awfully slow, do like this." I tried to push off the whole lot, but lo! I never knew before that the bricks were so heavy! The school servant said, "Master Markino, don't you believe you are always clever." I sincerely apologized him, and I begged him to let me help the others.

I tried to move one brick each time, and my fingers began to bleed. It was not at all safe task,

for we had shocks almost every minute. Some were quite big, and as all the buildings were very loosened by the first big shock, they were so easily fallen by those little shocks, and several people were killed. But these shocks were always preceded by some sound like gun from beneath the ground. Every time when we heard the sound we ran towards the open ground to escape those tiles and bricks falling from the half-broken roof ; and then we returned to our work again. At last, we succeeded to carry out the corpses of Oishi and his wife to an open ground. Oishi had his back head quite crushed by bricks, while his wife had a fatal wound on her chest. Death seemed to be quite instantaneous to them. I felt extremely queer to see them speechless and motionless. It was they who persuaded the people to have morning prayer-meetings in our school. Only a few minutes ago they were both bright and cheerful and told us how happy they felt to be Christians. Now, without leaving any last words, they were no longer belonging to this world. The most pathetic sight was their eight-year-old boy who attended on our prayer-meeting. He had received a bad cut on his head. A surgeon had to operate. First few seconds he screamed loudly, and then, as if the sign that Bushido was recalled into his heart, he stopped crying and asked us, " Would my mamma and papa praise me if I

don't cry ? " Everybody looked into each other's eyes and then drooped their heads down. We all said in low voice, " Yes, yes." He often asked us where his parents were. We were too timid to break the news until he was quite recovered.

Among the other deads there was a young editor of Fuso-Shimpo (a morning paper). He was a great anti-Christian, but some of his friends brought him to the prayer-meeting by force, notwithstanding his refusal, and now he received many serious wounds. He was almost unconscious and screamed out, " I told you I did not want to come ! " He repeated this twice or thrice, and had his last breath, without coming back to consciousness. Some anti-Christians blamed the one who brought him down, while the other earnest Christians claimed that it was the will of God who summoned him. I thought they both were too narrow-minded to judge this world with their little knowledge. Therefore I was in silence about that discussion ! Even the Bible says, " For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

We laid down all the corpses inside the M.E Church. As we had shocks about one hundred and fifty times in a day, we had no chance to have their funeral for ten days or thereabout (I forget exact days), and we ourselves had to build up some little

cottages on the open ground. Here some troubles happened to me. I tried to help them to make cottages, but as my hands were awfully delicate I was not much use. If I carried those rough old timbers or bamboos my hands bleeded freely. I was very cross with myself, because I could not fulfil my duty. But some happier idea came into my mind soon. Those poor corpses needed some night watch and I noticed the boys seemed to be frightened to watch them alone. Every night two or three boys used to watch, and next day they had to take rest. They all hated that job. I said to them if they excuse me from our daily labour, I would be willing to watch the corpses myself alone every night.

They were awfully pleased and so was I, too! There my duty was quite fixed. I slept all the daytime, and watched the corpses in night. I had two or three candles lit between the corpses, and I sat myself down on a chair ready to run out any moment when the shock came. I took some books, mostly philosophical books, and I enjoyed the studying. Very often I threw the books down and watched those poor dead faces, and went into a deep meditation. Once I was very tired. I laid myself down by the side of the dead bodies and slept. It just happened that our school servant Masu-San came for " go-round " after the precautions for the fire

and theft. He came to the door and shouted, "Markino San, are you all right?"

I stood up at once in half-dreaming. Masu-San screamed and fell down. He told me he was so frightened, for he thought some dead man stood up. I could not help laughing for his timid and superstitious imagination!

During our cottage-life, I found out something which lessened my confidence upon the missionaries. They always preached us that the earnest Christian should not take any alcohol at all. But one day I saw a missionary was giving his wife a cup of wine "for stimulation," and to my surprise, that bottle was half finished. I wondered were they taking wines, notwithstanding their severe warning against any drink?

I recollected an incident during our school lessons. Some time before, we had the spelling lesson. We, Japanese boys, could not spell "champagne." A missionary taught us how to spell and said in Japanese, "Ah, this is very bad thing," and he began to pull faces and pretend to taste champagne. Some boys remarked, "Have you noticed our teacher's expression? He seemed to be very fond of champagne. What is champagne, anyhow? It must be a jolly thing!" I told them we ought not be so insincere.

But now it came into my mind very strongly.

Perhaps the boys were right. Only my etiquette would not allow me to argue with the missionary directly. Another question was about the Sabbath day. They told us not to spend money on Sundays. In fact, I kept this very faithfully for last four years, notwithstanding a great inconvenience very often; but now I saw some missionaries paying money on Sunday. I sighed alone, "Paradox, paradox!"

While I was thinking this in the cottage, Mr. Iinuma and Kawai came. Kawai said, "During that fateful prayer-meeting, I lifted up my head, because I heard somebody was moving. It was that missionary who ran out during the 'sacred' prayer."

I stood up by excitement and indignance. Mr. Iinuma calmed me down. "Be quiet! Kawai and Markino, you shall not repeat that again, or else some trouble will spring up from the outside world. Don't you remember the ancient Chinese ode, 'Though the brothers and sisters are fighting inside their fence, they protect each other from the outside enemies'? Nowadays there is a loud voice by the anti-Christians against us. Better to protect ourselves."

So far as I know, Kawai was faithful enough not to leak this news out, and I, myself, had kept it for a long time—some ten years. Only when my English friends wanted to hear about the earth-

quake two or three years ago, I told them everything for the first time.

We were quite isolated, for the railways were destroyed and the telegrams were cut off. Here I must not forget to mention about the activity of the postmaster-general of Nagoya. His name was Mr. Doi. Nevertheless the post office building was entirely demolished, and there were some deaths in the building, he made a light cottage in some temple yard in the same day, and superintended all the men himself. The communication of letters were going on just as the usual time.

I received a letter from my father that all my families were quite safe in my own village. It was a great release to my mind. But everybody in the street had their countenance just like earth. I was much depressed by that.

It was about two weeks after, that one evening we were eating our supper on the open ground, we heard the steam whistling of the engine in the direction of the station. Immediately we all realized that was the first train from Tokio. Everybody went outside the cottage and welcomed the train with loud cheers.

By the train, one after another contributions were pouring in. Some were money in cash, and the other packages were all sorts of clothes, food, etc. etc. Among them were many beautiful silk kimonos

and bed-quilts. We thought money in cash was far more important than those luxurious goods. Therefore we made auction with them. It was a great success, for there were many charitable people who bought things with even better prices than at the shops.

Now about the distribution, our Japanese teachers had some discussions. The number of the sufferers were too many. If we distributed them evenly to everybody, one could not get more than a few sens. That would do no good. Therefore we had come to the conclusion that we must investigate the condition of the sufferers, and those strong healthy people ought to work and only the helpless old people, deformed ones, and delicate women, or small children should have quite good lump of sums.

To do this, I often went out to the country with my schoolmates. I was amazed with the terrible sights everywhere. The earth cracked in many places, and the width of the opening was ten to fifteen feet, and sloped down for twenty feet, where there was a narrow opening. I put in a fishing pole, which went in and I lost the sight of it. Some part of a river-bed was elevated higher than the embankment, and some small village sank down all together, and the river-water poured in to make a new large lake.

I met with a young man who was sobbing bitterly. He told me he had his old father in a sick-bed. When the shock started, he tried to carry his father out. They both fell down. Then a small thatched roof fell upon them. He was quite astonished to find that he had strength enough in his elbow to hold the whole roof for a few seconds, and his father was still living underneath him. But he broke down, and his poor old father was killed by his own weight. It was too pathetic to listen him crying, " I am a father-murderer ! "

One old woman told me she was praying the image of Buddha in a little temple at the time. Suddenly the mat on which she was sitting stood up. Then she had no more recollection. When she was recovered into her conscience, she found out she was thrown some thirty feet away from the corrupted temple.

A terrible story was told by a housemaid of some wealthy family. When they realized it was a great earthquake, her mistress with a month-old baby in her arms ran to the verandah. The maid opened the door for them, and the mother with her baby jumped to the garden ground. To a great terror of the maid, the earth just opened wide on the very spot where her mistress jumped. The mother and baby were both buried alive. The house master came back only to be too grievous. A few days

later, he employed the workmen to dig out the ground, but they failed to find out any trace of the corpses.

Some farmer wife who lost both her husband and child, came to me and said, "O Honourable Student, you must learn and know everything. What does this mean? Tell me, where is God? Where is Buddha?"

I said, "Neither do I know where! It seems to me the Creator is very cruel!" And we both shed the tears together.

While we were working hard one of the missionaries took out some of those stores without the others' consents. He went out to some open ground where many people were gathering. He threw away each article and enjoyed himself to look at the people picking up. We, the schoolboys, were most indignant.

CHAPTER XV

STEPPING ON THE HIGHROAD TO AMBITION

AS the time was passing on, everything was getting restored, and people began to forget that terrible earthquake. But another sort of earthquake became active among the Japanese Christians. Many of them began to dislike the missionaries more and more.

There was a wealthy porcelain factory, the proprietor was an earnest Christian, but just at the time of the earthquake, he proclaimed himself an "Independent Christian." He gave up the missionary church and gathered all his workmen to his own house, and had preaching every Sunday. Strange to say that this spirit sprang up not only in Nagoya but everywhere in Japan. I heard that many students of Dōshisha (a Christian college in Kioto) began to complain against their missionary teachers. In Tokio, some leading Japanese Christians founded "Japan-Christian Association." The object of it was quite simple. That is to say, those Japanese believed in the Bible, but preferred being inde-

pendent from the missionaries. Among these leaders were Mr. Yebina and Mr. Matsumura.

About Mr. Yebina's speech I have already mentioned in the former chapter. Now I want to thank Mr. Matsumura for his book called *Risshi-no-Ishidsue; or, The Foundation-stone of Self-help for the Young Men.* On the book-cover Longfellow's "Excelsior" was written in Japanese. Inside the book every word was written from the bottom of his sincere heart. It is a general rule that the grown-up man always tries to push down the young man when the latter tries to spring up. I had already too much experience of that kind, but Mr. Matsumura was in reverse. He was a real friend to all young men. He sympathized and encouraged the ambition of us, the boys. I read this book over ten times. I took every word deeply into my heart. I felt as if I had met a real friend of mine at last. I must say it was this book which helped me coming out to Europe, risking my own life. I sincerely thank him very much. To my delight, I heard from one of my Japanese friends who came to London lately, that Mr. Matsumura is still enjoying his health and giving the lecture on Confucius to all young men.

Coming back to those days, I myself was still loitering about on the question of the Christian faith. The idea to come out and see the Western

world became only too important and too urgent question for me. I thought I could see more about the Christianity if I came out. One evening I visited upon one of the missionaries to whom I had more confidence than any other. I told him my intention to go to America in hope that he might be able to give me some useful information.

To my great disappointment he exclaimed, "What? *You* are intending to go to America?" His wife was in the same room, and they both *sneered* at me! At the moment I felt as if all the blood in my head went down to my feet! I stood on the same point for a few seconds in silence, then came back to my room without saying "good-bye." I said to myself, "Everything is quite finished."

On the next morning I ran away. Now I want to write the reason. I always believe that *insincerity* is the greatest crime in this world, and nothing could be more insincere than to sneer! It is true that I used to have dead-heat discussions with the missionaries, but it was all through my sincerity; all because I could not believe the Bible, though I tried hard, that was why I went on discussing. But this was only concerning the matter of the religious faith; although I often thought their conducts were rather contradicting against their sayings, I never sneered at them. As personal friendship I

always looked upon them as the Hon. Foreign Guests. Then if they thought I was foolish or wrong, why did they not tell me that frankly and sincerely instead of sneering at me ?

I always forgive the other's anger, because it is the human nature to get into bad temper. I generally forgive if one tells me lie, because the human nature is very weak and very often one cannot have a steady mind to face the difficulty and tell all the truth. I also forgive if one makes any foundless rumour or gossip against me, because it is a very easy temptation when some others persuade in that way.

Even the murderers I may forgive according to their condition. But about sneering, there is no excuse. Because one cannot sneer at innocent people without intentional insincerity.

Let me give you my own definition of two words.

Murderer : one who assassinates some human *flesh*.

Sneerer : one who assassinates others' SOUL and *heart*.

Soul and heart are far dearer than the flesh, therefore sneering is the worst crime. Indeed, that missionary and his wife tried to assassinate my *soul and heart*, and I had a great pain in my heart, which cried out, " Why you ? "

Early on the next morning I packed up my few things and left the school building, while all the

others were still sleeping. It began to be snowing. I was delighted. "Ah, I am coming out into this pure white world now!"

I called on my schoolmate Yamada, who had already left our school, and stayed at his house in a village on my way home. The next day I arrived at my home. Once again I joined to my poor father, and I had a happy time to discuss about the Oriental philosophy with him. I often visited on my sister, who was within two miles' distance. About two months later I got a letter from my cousin Toyama, who was a dentist in Nagoya then. He wanted me to translate the American dental books and magazines. I went to see my sister to say good-bye, but she was gone to some relatives. I visited on her again next day, she was not in yet. On the third morning I went there again, only to be disappointed, as she had not come back yet. I decided to go to Nagoya, and just while I was preparing to go away, she came in. She was very excited. She said she saw my back in the distance, and she chased after me. I said to her that she need not trouble herself so much, for I could come back and see her again quite soon. She shook her head and said she felt it was the last time to see me. My father, too, joined to her and said he could not feel to see me again. They both came out to the boundary of the village to see me off.

Strange to say it was the farewell to my father at least. For I had to come out to America without going home again, and my father died while I was in San Francisco. I remember when I was walking on, he and my sister were watching me from a little hill for such a long time. I looked back again and again, and when I saw them last, they looked smaller than little ants, and then they disappeared in the haze, but I knew they would be still standing on the same point for a long time after they had lost sight of me.

At my cousin's house I translated parts of Harris' *Dentistry*, and *Cosmos*, and *Dental Practitional.* I began to learn the dentistry, and I often treated the patients when my cousin was out. I told my cousin that it did not seem to me difficult to be a dentist. He said, "No, you can become a good dentist quite soon, and you can earn a good business." Then I was very nervous that I might have to pass all my life as a dentist. I had two girl cousins. They handed me some money and persuaded me to run away immediately. So I came out to Yokohama first. It was October 1st, 1892.

My train left Nagoya on the early morning. For one hour or so all the views from the train windows were very familiar to me. But as I had never travelled beyond thirty miles from my home, I soon came out to the quite strange country, and I was very busy to

see the both sides of the train. O! how calm and how beautiful was that ultramarine lake of Hamana, with those snow-white sails on it, and how wonderful were those cliffs on the seacoast of Okitsu! Fuji Yama seemed (seen for the first time in my life) twice more grand and graceful than I used to imagine! In the afternoon our train began to climb up that famous mountain Hakone. One more engine was fixed on the back of the train. The sound of her engines was rather encouraging, something like a military band! I felt my life was getting up higher and higher. And those autumn leaves of the maples and birches, some were scarlet, some were vermilion, while others were quite golden! When we came up the top our train stopped at a little station. I jumped down on the ground and looked homeward. All my mountain friends were little distinguishable to each other on the far-off horizon!

Now the train began to run down the other side of the Hakone, which was far steeper and quite rocky. We passed through many tunnel, and the day was getting darker. I began to feel somewhat queer—especially when I saw those small cottages of the poor farmers! Fathers and sons were returning from the rice-fields, while mothers, wives, and daughters were making a cheerful fire inside the cottages and awaiting their male companions. What a happy and warmly harmonical life they were

having! I began to rebel against my own mind, "Why should I leave this paradise-like home behind? And why should I go to the strange country to struggle? Should I give up all my ambition? And should I stay with those innocent farmers and share the happy life with them?"

Only if I were travelling by foot, I might quite easily step into one of those cottages and stay where I met with their sympathy! But I *was* in the train, and the train carried me into the centre of the busy Yokohama city in the evening.

I was too timid to go to any of those smart hotels, so I went to one station beyond Yokohama. It is a smaller town called Kanagawa. There I found out a little shabby inn, where I could get in easier. (Afterwards I heard that inn was made especially to attract some country folk like myself, and they charged more than the smart hotel.)

Next morning I walked from that inn to Yokohama and stayed at the house of my villagers.

Although our missionary school was in Western style and there were a few more Western buildings in Nagoya, it was really the first time in my life to see the Western residences and streets in Yokohama. I was very amazed by sight-seeing. Those houses were built with the weather boards painted in many colours, and that dazzling colour struck me first. The noisy cranes to convey the coals made me feel

THE FARMERS' COTTAGES SEEN FROM THE TRAIN

something busy and uneasy. I heard the cannons fired on board some ships and I ran to the shore to see a splendid sight of rolling smokes. I met with some negro sailors, who put on red Turkish fez and Indian turbans. I watched them with curiosity. A riksha-man was running towards me and threw me aside with his elbow, saying, "O, you country idiot!"

I got up, but I was still dreaming, for everything was new and strange to me. Several Chinese sailors passed by. They pointed at me and shouted, "Maka hai" (equal to your "Damned fool"). I came back to my conscience. I felt I could not manage myself in such a grand and busy town. Then I thought, This is only a little foreign settlement, after all—America must be much greater. It is something for one to live in such a great country like America, and fancy, all those missionaries *were* born in America. How could they manage themselves in their own country? O, I was mistaken to look them down. I am sure they are greater than myself, and I began to feel that I was the biggest fool after all.

I loitered round the foreign settlement and came out in front of "Grand Hotel." A band was playing some European music. It sounded to me much too noisy and too quick. Where was the taste and pleasure in that music? I could not understand. One evening I visited on some foreigner's house. I

was taken into the drawing-room. Lo! so many looking-glasses on the walls! I felt I was in a barber's shop! Once I walked in some narrow street where many small buildings were in row. I saw on the window glasses some lettering, "London Bar," "Chicago Bar," etc. etc. Each house had such a tiny shutter door, which seemed to me as if some young bamboo roots were cut vertically. The upper and the lower parts of the door were quite open. I heard still noisier music than that of Grand Hotel, and I saw through the lower part of the door some sailors' feet stepping quickly. Now I know they were dancing in "pub." I was very frightened. I felt I might be murdered any moment, so I ran away.

One day while I was sight-seeing those foreigners' residences on the "Bluff" I noticed something about the stone walls. The wall itself seemed to me very magnificent. It was far more elaborate than most Japanese walls. But on the top of the wall, many broken bottles and glasses were fixed with the cement. O, how hideous they looked to me! I said to myself, "Surely the hon. foreigners would not use those ugly things on the walls in their countries. But here we have so many thieves, that is why. O, how disgraceful! Those broken pieces of bottle give me much pain, for they are advertising the *shame* of our country."

However, when I came to London, I immediately noticed many walls with the broken bottles. My mind was very much released to think that it was not only in Japan that people have to protect themselves against thieves. Though I still hate this sight all the same even now.

One morning I saw a large boat on the bay. Her lower part was painted red, while the upper part black. I saw white laughing waves against her breast. She was steaming on slowly. The sound of her engine reached to my heart, which was beating in the same rate. I understood she was going to America. My heart beated still higher when the engine sounds were getting more and more faint in distance, and I said to myself, " Fancy, that very boat must have touched to the American coast many times ! Some day I shall be on board of that boat ! " I thought the best way to go abroad was to become a clerk of some foreign shop or to be employed as a captain's boy. I tried some employment bureaux. They all laughed at me, saying such a slow-tempered boy like myself could not be employed by the hon. foreigners. I came to the conclusion to go up to Tokio, where I might be able to plan my future programme. In Tokio I had my two best cousin-friends, Goto and Yebina, whom I was much attached to when we all were in the grammar school. At that time Goto was a law student, while

Yebina had already made his invention of the white bricks in his early twentieth. They both welcomed me heartily. Beside these two, I had two more cousins. They were Kawanishi and Hotta. (Kawanishi is now the principal of a famous hospital in Hokkaido, and Hotta died a few years ago.) I decided to stay in Hotta's house. In a week or two I made more than thirty dear friends in Tokio. They used to call me an Ex-Yaso because I ran away from the missionary school. But for this nickname, I had much pain in my heart. Here let me repeat that ancient Chinese ode once more.

> Though the brothers and sisters fight inside their fence,
> They protect each other from the outside enemies.

Readers, if you have conscience you will understand how much truth is in these verses. Indeed, though I disagreed with those missionaries' preachings, I could not help raising a great objection to any one who mocked at the Christianity without the knowledge of the Bible, and I still then had a hope that I might become an earnest Christian if it was the will of God. For this hope, I bought a German Bible. At the time I was studying German, and my idea was that I would rather study German language with the Bible than any other book, so that I might find out the faith in it some day. It was this Bible which I mentioned in my book *A Japanese Artist*

in London, that when I arrived to England I had a German Bible. During my few months' stay in Tokio, I spent the daytime at the Imperial Library (which was such a great treat to me). For I could not afford to buy all the books which I wanted to read, and, as I said in the former chapter, we had no library in the country towns. It was the very first time in my life to see a library. And in the evening I used to go to " Gidayu " and " Kodan."

CHAPTER XVI

KŌDAN ON THE SWORD-MAKER

JAPAN has an art which exists in no Western country. It is called " Kōdan " or the Recitation. This entertainment is performed by artistes whose position is between that of professors and music-hall artistes. They recite some histories or biographies of heroes—sometimes absolutely real, sometimes more or less in fiction. And that performance takes place in drawing-rooms for private parties, or in music-halls, or on the street corners for the public. At the feudal time, when the schooling education was limited only among the aristocratics, the Kōdan itself was the most useful education, especially about the history, for the people under the middle class. At the same time it was the utmost entertainment for all classes—upper, middle, and lower as well. For it has wonderful art of the elocution. Every story has some pathos which makes all the auditors cry, and on the next minute it gives some humour which turns every weeper into laugher. And it always leads all the hearts to digest the humanity

thoroughly. In all, it is the genius sermon of Bushido.

Ever since Japan has opened her gate for the Westerners, everything European (or American rather) has rushed into our country just like the

THE KŌDAN

turbulent flood. And that beautiful " Kōdan " was in the greatest danger to be fatefully drowned. Perhaps it was in the extremity of its fate when I was in Tokio. One day I saw the posters of Kōdan on the gate of some small music-hall. I went in. I was rather ashamed to enter into it, for all the

auditors were only small children, or some ignorant old women.

But no sooner than an artiste began to recite, I had forgotten where I was. My heart and soul together were carried away from this dirty disappointing world. And I began to go to Kōdan every night. I had quite numbers of my friends. They all were elder to me. Most of them were the students of the Imperial University, and some were already the graduates. They all laughed at me—" What! You go to the Kōdan every night ? O, look at that country boy! He says he appreciates Kōdan!" They simply screamed after me.

Indeed they looked down upon Kōdan as " an old fashion." They were carrying *Shakespeare*, *Goethe*, *Schiller*, *Hugo*, etc., under their arm, and they were very proud to be Westernized. I lamented and said, " Yes, those Western writers must be very great. But to me those books are too difficult to read. At least I need the dictionary every few seconds. How could I get enjoyment as well as nourishment for my head from them! On the other hand, those recitators themselves may be quite ignorant, and in old style, as you say. Let them be ignorant if you like, but what they are reciting is the real Yamato Damashii (the soul of Japan).

" It is indeed the gem which we can find only in Japan. It is the Bushido which no other country

possesses. I have been in a missionary school for four years, but not a single time have I had such valuable lesson as I get from Kōdan now."

Some of my friends still would not believe me, and said, "O, hark, what that country boy is babbling."

Among many stories I heard from Kōdan Shi, perhaps the Story of the Sword-maker Naosuke impressed me most. The tears were flowing out freely from my eyes all through the story.

Now let me translate the story.

Perhaps we have never enjoyed such a peaceful time twice as we had in the era of Genroku, when the 8th Shogun of Tokugawa was so gracefully governing our country.

The whole nation had entirely forgotten wars! Art and literature were in their highest. At the same time, unnecessary luxuries and lamentable immoralities were eating into every one's heart.

Then a most fatal famine continued for two years. But as all the nobles were still going on with their extravagances, the poor farmers suffered dreadfully by the heavy taxations.

It was this time there were two Samurais—Okano and Onō in Akao.*

Okano was very generous. He loved all those

* About the names of the two Samurais I have lost my memory. These were given by my Japanese friend in London.

poor farmers, and he was helping them with his own expense. For the result of that he became extremely poor. He always looked so shabby in his old cotton kimono. But he was worshipped as a god by the farmers.

Onō was quite reverse to Okano. He was most selfish man. He had every luxury to himself and committed all sorts of cruelty to the farmers. Therefore he was very unpopular, and instead of investigating the cause, he only became very jealous against Okano's popularity.

As all the wicked people would like to do, he decided to revenge Okano by giving some harm upon him. On the 15th of August (by the lunar calendar) they had a great feast of "seeing the full moon." When the dinner was over, Onō, with some intention in his heart, proceeded near Okano. "Well, my honourable great critic of swords! Fortunately I have a sword which I am very proud of. Will you kindly give me your opinion upon this sword?"

He handed it to Okano. Everybody at the feast began to turn their faces quite pale, and keep silence, for they knew some unpleasant incident might happen.

Okano was such a good-natured man. He showed no change in his face. He politely took the sword into his hand and said, modestly, "Nay, do not

call me a great critic. I am quite ignorant about the swords, but I am delighted to see it." He unsheathed the sword, and gazed upon it for a few minutes.

" Indeed, this seems most excellent sword. If I am not mistaken, I believe it is by the great sword-maker, Masamune."

" What a good judgment you have! Exactly! It is by Masamune, as you say. Now I have shown you my sword, therefore I have a privilege to look at your sword. Have I not, my honourable Mr. Okano ? "

Alas! Okano had a good sword until a few months ago, but he needed more money than he could afford to rescue many starving farmers. Therefore he sold it, and what he had at the time was a very rubbish one. And of course Onō knew that. That was why he put this question upon Okano.

Okano's nature was too simple to refuse this insincere request. He smiled and said, " Mine is very blunt indeed. I feel rather shy, but you can look at it if you like."

He handed his sword to Onō. Onō unsheathed and looked at it in silence for a minute. He raised his eyebrows surprisedly.

" Honourable Mr. Okano, I cannot believe such a noble Samurai as your honourable self would carry

any blunt sword, though it looks to me a very inferior one. It should be a genuine sword of course. How sad I am that I cannot see its real value."

Then he raised his voice. "Pardon, but I should like to test it."

He jumped into the garden and struck the sword against a big bamboo tree. Alas, the sword was bent like lead.

Onō pretended to be much surprised.

"What! What does this mean? My honourable Mr. Okano! I cannot believe this. No. I cannot believe even in a dream that such a noble and important Samurai like you would carry this lead-like sword! Listen to me now. I will give you a lecture. It is the Samurai's duty to protect the country, and it is the sword with which we Samurais protect the country. Do you think, could you fulfil your duty without a good sword?"

"Pardon me—it was my fault."

"What? 'My fault?' Ha, ha, ha, ha—! Do you think you have fulfilled your duty if you say simply, 'my fault' and 'pardon'? Pardon for what? What would you do if the war was broke? Yes, we have peaceful time now. But who knows if something may happen in any moment—even this very moment while I am talking to you? How can you protect our country then? Do you think

you are worthy of accepting your revenue from our Lord ? Ah, you are robbing the revenue. Yes. You are day-robber, you are wild animal ! "

The most intellectual Okano had patience enough to receive all these insults in silence. But all other guests felt great unpleasantness. They began to go home one after another, without bidding " good night " to each other.

Onō, too, giving a stern gaze upon Okano once more, left the room.

In the next room, Okano's young servant Naosuke was waiting his master. He had been overhearing everything which was going on in the other room. Now, seeing through the Shojis that his master was left alone, he rushed into the room and kneeled down before his master. " My most gracious master, why should you be insulted like that ? I feel sure that all the guests knew enough about your generosity. They must have felt all their hearty sympathy towards my kind master. However, I, your most loyal servant, cannot pass the things in silence. Pray let me go . . ."

" Go where ? "

" Go to fight with Onō, to revenge . . ."

" Ah, Naosuke, don't be so rashful. Calm down your excited heart, and listen to me. I was not too coward to propose a duel to him. But remember we Samurais are living for our country. If I and

he had a duel, one of us must die. Then our country shall lose one Samurai. Onō is selfish, but in some way, he is quite useful man for our country. His life as well as mine are both needed to the country. That was why I kept myself quietly. Therefore don't be so rashful. Come, Naosuke, come home with me. You must be tired, so go to bed and take good rest."

"My honourable master, the more I hear your honourable opinion, the more I appreciate. I shall obey to your honourable command. Oh, what a lucky boy I am to work under such a great master!"

"Well said, dear Naosuke, come, come with me."

They went back. Naosuke entered his little bedroom. It was not easy task for him to go to bed and sleep. For he was in such a great emotion. Indeed, he did not sleep all night.

"Ah, my honourable master is such a kind man, almost like Buddha, and Onō—he is a demon! He knew quite well that my honourable master has sold his best sword in order to rescue those poor farmers, and fancy, that demon insulted my honourable master like that. I do wish I could present one of the best swords to my honourable master. Then Onō cannot insult my honourable master any more. Yes, yes, I shall buy one for my honourable master. I hear best sword cost over 1000 ryō. Let me see, if I save all my wages for ten years, still it won't be

enough. Oh, what shall I do? Money, money, money, I do want money!"

Simple and innocent Naosuke got into a deep thought for more than two hours in midnight. Some bright idea came into his mind. "Yes, it is better to go to Osaka. I have often heard awfully swelled people are living in Osaka. There must be some chance for me to make 1000 ryō within three years. Yes . . . yes . . ."

When Naosuke had decided to go to Osaka, the daylight was breaking up. His master Okano had got up. Naosuke served the breakfast to his master and bowed down.

"My most gracious master, will you give me three years' holiday?"

"Naosuke, what's matter with you this morning?"

"Well, my honourable master, it is my sincere desire to have a pilgrimage for three years. I shall surely come back after that; so, my honourable master, pray let me go."

Okano looked at Naosuke's face. He saw some tear-marks under Naosuke's eyes and the expression of a strong decision. Okano knew at once that he could not stop Naosuke.

"Well, Naosuke, if you desire to have a holy pilgrimage, certainly you can go. But I shall miss you very much, for I have never had such honest servant

like you. Be sure to come back to me again. Here is one ryō. It might be useful for your journey. I wish I could give you more, but you know I am very poor."

Naosuke was moved into tears. He thought it would be too impolite to refuse the money, though he knew too well that one ryō was not easy for his master to give away.

He accepted it, and it was difficult for him to utter the words of thanks. For a lump was in his throat.

Now Naosuke started his journey to Osaka. All his money was gone long time before he reached to Osaka. For he was such a simple-minded country boy and everybody cheated him. However, such matters scarcely discouraged him, for his ambition was so urgent. Sometimes he walked all day without food. Sometimes he slept under a tree. At last he reached Osaka. He had never dreamt such busy and noisy big town. He was lost in web-like streets, but he cared nothing, for he had no definite destination. He was attracted by a big mountain-like roof of a temple. He walked into it. It was the sacred old temple Tenno Ji. He kneeled down before the image of Buddha.

" Oh, thou most Sacred Buddha, listen to my earnest prayer. Let me have money enough to buy a genuine sword for my honourable master. Teach

me how to make money. May there be some very rich people who would employ me as a cook and give me the wages one thousand ryō in three years ! "

Naosuke got back to his common sense. " Ah, Sacred Buddha, thou may laugh at me. Who would give me such wages, even if one is millionaire ? Oh, Sacred Buddha, how can I make that money ? Oh teach me, Buddha, teach me . . ."

Suddenly he heard the sounds " cring, crang," of a sword-maker in distance. Now he became quite absent-minded.

" What ? Hark ! Is that not a sword-maker ? Let me go to see him."

He walked towards where the sound came from. He walked a few streets up and down, and there he came in front of a big gate. A large board was hanging in the gate. Naosuke read thus :

" Lord of Echijen, Masamune the Sword-Maker ! "

" Um . . . Masamune ? Why, he is *the* greatest sword-maker in the world ! "

Naosuke walked round the wall of Masamune's house, and he found a little space in the wall. He peeped in, and now he saw the men were making swords, " cring, crang, cring, crang ! " They were very busy.

Naosuke fixed his eyes upon them. Mosquitoes were biting his face, but he would not feel them. Those naughty town children came and pulled the

ragged kimono of Naosuke. But he payed no attention.

"Ah, that is the hammer of In. That is the hammer of Yō. Yes, now I know when that In hammer goes there, then that Yō hammer goes on like this. That's it, that's it . . ."

The children began to feel rather nervous. "Ichi!"

"Yes, Kame" (the names of the children). "You see, that dirty man is crazy, let us go, I am rather afraid of him."

All the children fled away. Naosuke never took his eyes away from the sword-makers until they finished all day's work.

Naosuke came back to his own conscience. "Why could I not make a best sword for my honourable master? Masamune is no more than an ordinary human like myself. Then why could I not do what he could? Yes, I shall become a sword-maker myself. The Sacred Buddha has listened to my prayers. I prayed to get money to buy a sword and He made me to hear the sounds of the sword-making. Actually He has guided me to here. It must be His will to make me a sword-maker. By His sacred help I shall surely succeed it in three years. Oh, I thank Thee, most Sacred Buddha."

Naosuke decided to become a pupil of Masamune the great sword-maker.

" But how ? How shall I go in ? "

Naosuke was very shy before those young pupils, because they were town people and dressed up rather smart. He was loitering about in front of the gate for a while. He hesitated to get in. All the pupils were coming out of the gate. Perhaps they were going to their evening bath. Naosuke hid himself behind the wall until they were gone far away. He peeped inside the house and saw the great sword-maker Masamune alone.

" Oh, this is good chance for me to ask ! "

Naosuke was too excited and he shouted loudly. The sword-maker heard his voice.

" What ? What is good chance for . . . ? Who is that man standing at my gate ? You dirty beggar, there is not much chance in this house for you. Get out there. If you feel too hungry go round to my kitchen door. The cook will give you something to eat."

" Oh, great professor, no wonder that you may think I am a beggar because I am in such rags. But I am not a beggar. What I earnestly wish to ask you is not food. Will you not make me your pupil ? I have come all this long way from Akao for that purpose."

" Um . . . m, poor boy. Give up your foolish ambition at once. I tell you why. The sword-making is the most difficult art. Very few people

succeed with it. Look at those pupils of mine. Some of them have been working here for more than ten years. Yet they cannot produce a single sword. You see how discouraging is the sword-making. I would not tell you anything bad for your own sake. So listen to my advice. It would be so much better for you to change your mind and get a situation at grocer's or drug stores. That would be much safer for you."

"Great professor, how honourably unsympathetic you are! I have no other desire than to be a sword-maker. If you would not take me as your pupil I rather die."

"Here, here, where are you going?"

"I am going to drown myself in that old well there."

"Oh, you troublesome boy. Pray don't give me such trouble with your dead body."

"Then, will you take me as your pupil?"

"Well."

"Well, great professor, I beseech you."

"If you are so earnest, I may take you as my pupil. But it is the strictest law of my house that all the pupils should have one reliable person as their guarantee. Have you any person to guarantee you?"

"Yes, great professor. My honourable master in Akao will surely guarantee me."

"Here, here, here. That won't do. What is

the use to talk of a man who lives three hundred miles away? Don't you know any one in Osaka?"

"Oh, yes. I know one very, very kind gentleman who has listened to my prayer. He lives in that large temple just there, you see."

"Ah, you mean the temple Tenno Ji. And so you know the priest of that temple?"

"Oh, no. I don't know the priest at all, sir. My guarantee is that big gentleman who is sitting in the middle of the temple. He does not speak at all, but he always listens to any earnest prayer . . ."

"You mean that wooden figure of Buddha?"

"Yes, great professor."

"That won't do. Unless you know any living person in Osaka I cannot take you as my pupil."

"Then you say I cannot be a sword-maker? Let me go and drown myself in that well."

"Wait, wait, my boy. You are a very funny boy. It seems you are really earnest to be a sword-maker. Perhaps your earnestness may make you succeed. I shall take you as my pupil. Anyhow, I must not violate my house law. You need a guarantee which I shall make for you. What is your name? What? Naosuke? Very well."

Masamune took out his little pocket dagger.

"Now, Naosuke, you see this is your guarantee. If something happens to you, this dagger shall go into your breast immediately."

" Yes, great professor. If I commit dishonestness or immorality you may honourably kill me any moment."

Thus Naosuke became a pupil of the great sword-maker Masamune. For the first six months he was not allowed to study the sword-making. His daily duty was to sweep the rooms and brush his master's kimonos. But Naosuke was too earnest to pass the spare time idly. He watched the great sword-maker's works, and in the nights, when every one went to bed he used to go to the study-room and pick up a piece of steel and try his hammer upon it.

A New Year Eve came when all the pupils had to show their best works to the teacher. One of the elder pupils brought a box full of swords to Masamune. The latter opened the box and took out the swords one after another.

" Whose work is it ? "

One of the pupils replied, " Mine."

" No good. Who has done the next one ? "

Another pupil shouted out, " I."

" No good."

There were twenty or thirty swords. Masamune was pleased with none of them. He saw a little piece of steel in the bottom of the box. He took it out and looked at it. " Splendid ! how splendid ! Who has done it ? "

All the pupils looked to each other's faces—"You?" "No." "You?" "Who has done that?"

Nobody answered. It was by Naosuke. He had been studying hard in the night quite secretly after everybody slept. And when all the pupils were away he threw his work into that box. Now Naosuke was too shy to tell the teacher that it was his work. But in his heart he was very pleased with that. A few months passed since then when the Emperor commanded Masamune to make a sacred sword for His Majesty.

Masamune lamented, "Although I have more than twenty pupils, none of them is worthy to do my assistant hammer. I shall never be able to make a perfect sword for the Emperor."

Naosuke bowed down before Masamune. "My honourable great professor, pray let me do your assistant hammer."

Masamune laughed at him.

"You are a funny boy, just as usual. But if you wish you may try. Now, come on, my crazy boy."

They went to the working-room.

Masamune put a roughly done steel into the furnace, and when it became quite red he put it on the anvil, and he struck it with his hammer first—"Cring!"

"Now, Naosuke, it is your turn."

Naosuke put his hammer into the right place—"Crang!"

"Splendid!"

But Masamune had doubt . . . Perhaps it was quite accidentally right to such an amateur boy. "Now let us do the quick hammering. Cring, crang, cring, crang!"

Every one of Naosuke's hammers was as sure as his first one. The sword was done most satisfactorily. No sooner Masamune put the sword into the water than he produced his dagger. He was in a great anger. "Here is your guarantee. You spy! Tell me your real name before you die! Yes, you are a spy. You are a traitor! You disguised yourself as a miserable country boy, and came to dwell in my house to find out all my secret arts. You cannot conceal the fact to me any longer. For your hammering told me that. It is that of a professional one. No amateur boy could give such stroke. Now confess everything and die as a man."

The tears were flowing freely from Naosuke's eye. "My honourable great professor, my real name is no more than Naosuke. Death is not what I am afraid of. But I weep for my joy. Yes, I feel most contented to think that you suspect me as a professional sword-maker. My honourable great professor, pray listen to my life-story . . ."

Here Naosuke told Masamune how his master was

insulted about the sword, and how he came out to Osaka.

Masamune's anger was melted into sympathy and admiration. He, too, wept.

" Naosuke, my dear boy. You are most wonderful boy I have ever seen or heard. Surely Buddha is assisting your most noble spirit, or else who could have done such work ? Be courageous, you shall soon be able to fulfil your ambition. How delighted would be your master at Akao then ! Study hard, I shall help you in anything I can do."

Naosuke was delighted, and he worked day and night. He made several swords. Every one of them was excellent. Some critics thought they were even better than his master's work.

The Emperor gave him a title—" Lord of Omi " —and he changed his name into Sukenao.

Nearly three years elapsed. He said to Masamune, " I think now the time has come for me to make a sword for my master." He began to make a special sword. He worked until midnight or even to early morning. Masamune used to hear the sound of hammer from his bed. " What an intelligent boy he is ! He is still working ! "

It was the very last night. The young sword-maker was hammering the finishing touch. Masamune was listening to the sounds as usual. " Wonderful, simply wonderful strokes. I fear he can use

the hammer far better than me ! . . . What ! . . . I hear the sound of two hammers. Somebody is assisting him ! Assisting hammer sounds most perfect. Who is assisting him, I wonder ! "

Masamune got up from his bed and crept to the working room. He peeped into the room through the crack of the door. Lo ! there was nobody beside Sukenao, but some radiance made Masamune's eyes quite dazzled !

" Ah, it is the sacred Buddha who is helping Sukenao ! It is too sacred place for me to peep in ! "

He went back to his own bed.

From the next day Sukenao was quite busy for a month more to finish the beautiful sheath. Now the whole sword was done most perfectly.

Sukenao bid the farewell to Masamune and went back with that sword to Akao. Everything was exactly the same as three years ago when he left there. He went to Okano's house.

" My honourable master."

" Oh, you are Naosuke. I am so glad to see you back. Have you enjoyed your pilgrimage very much ? You are dressed up very nice. What is the matter with you ? "

" My honourable master, I have brought a sword to you."

" A sword for me ? "

"Yes, my honourable master. You honourably remember that night you were insulted by that dreadful man. I was so sorry for you. I asked you to give me three years' holiday, all because I wanted to present you a nice sword. It is nearly three years and here is a sword for you."

Okano took the sword into his hand. "What a beautiful sheath it is! How could you get such an extravagant sword for me?"

"Well, my honourable master, please draw it and see the inside."

Okano drew it from the sheath.

"Wonderful sword! I have never seen such a good sword before."

"My honourable master, can you guess whose work it is?"

"Well, let me see . . . the way of burning the steel and the hammering are very much like Masamune's. But the edge is clearer than his. I hear Masamune has got a young pupil quite lately, and he is such a wonderful young man. Within three years he became a great sword-maker. His work is even better than Masamune's. *He* is known by the name 'Lord of Omi.' I wonder if this sword is by the Lord of Omi?"

"My honourable master, it is exactly so, and your humble servant Naosuke himself is Lord of Omi, Sukenao."

" What ? . . . You are Lord of Omi ? "

Naturally Okano could not believe that for a moment ! But Naosuke (now Lord of Omi, Sukenao) told him all about what he had done during his absence.

Okano was moved to tears.

" My most noble Lord of Omi, you are just the blossom of Lotus which grows in muddy water, yet is the purest and most sacred, and gives the sweetest fragrance to the world. That is why it is the favourite flower of Buddha. Nowadays, peoples high and low, rich and poor, all the same, are getting into the lower and lower moral every day. Sometimes masters try to be kind to their servants, but servants pay no loyal thoughts to them. You are the reverse. I have done nothing to you to get any rewards. But you yourself have been so loyal to me to produce such a beautiful sword for me. No wonder why Buddha has made you his favourite.

" You have succeeded the most difficult art by the help of Buddha. No more could I call you my servant. Nay, since now, I shall be your obedient servant."

" My honourable master, pray let me be still your servant, and accept this sword as a present from your humble obedient servant."

Okano could no longer refuse the present, so he accepted it with a deep appreciation. Perhaps to

Okano that high Bushido of Sukenao was itself still nobler gift than the sword itself.

Just at this time that famous tragedy of 47 Ronins happened. Okano joined as one of 47 Ronins and went to attack Kō with that very sword. He succeeded his loyalty to Daimyo Asano. But he himself had to commit Harakiri for offending the National Law.

Lord of Omi, Naosuke lamented :

" With my sword my honourable master made his name, and—with my sword he had to die. Such is this world."

He shaved his head and became a priest, and in a little monastery he passed all his life for praying the salvation of his master's soul.

CHAPTER XVII

FOR AMERICA AT LAST

IT was quite an urgent matter for me to find out a situation to get my daily bread (daily rice, rather) as well as some money for going abroad. As I had a little experience about dentistry I decided to become an assistant for a dentist. Luckily I secured this post immediately with Dr. Izawa, a famous dentist in Tokio then. But this did not last more than a fortnight. For that disgusting question has arisen to me again, " whether I should have to inherit my relative's family." I thought only the way for me was to leave my country immediately, and all my cousin-friends persuaded me to do so by all means. One of my girl-cousins gave me the money just enough for the boat-fare to America, and kept it quite secret to her mother. So I left the dentist's office.

It was the early part of 1893, and that worst-natured influenza was broken out all over Japan, and many died. I had an alarming news from my home that my father got the attack of this dreadful illness. It made me very anxious, especially because

he was getting quite old. I wrote to his doctor and asked his opinion on my father's health. I disclosed to the doctor the fact that I was intending to go to America as soon as possible and asked him to keep it secret from my father. The doctor answered me immediately that although my father got a very bad influenza, there was a strong hope of his recovering and nothing to be alarmed about his life. I was afraid the doctor had told my father about my letter, for I got a very long letter from my father after a few days. In this letter he told me it would be a very foolish thing if a father prevented his son's ambition even he was on his death-bed. That was not his intention at all—moreover, he was recovering steadily, therefore I ought not to be anxious about anything. He desired me that I would go out to the wider world where I might be able to do some noble work freely. He expressed his reluctance that he could not financially help me, and about that he felt quite ashamed. (I myself could hardly read this phrase, for I had a big lump in my throat.) Here is the direct translation of the last part of his letter, " Selfishness and greediness is often the quickest way to reach to the goal. But I pray you, my son, choose the longer and slower way, which is justice. For you shall have a greatest pleasantness in your conscience, which is your own reward.

" Try always to control your temper. If you are excited, don't utter a single word immediately, but bend your thumb and fingers counting 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. By that time you shall be able to come back to your calm conscience. This is the way to escape the danger on your own life. I earnestly wish to see your success, but perhaps I may not, for your destination is a long way off, while I am getting so old.

" However, I have a great confidence upon you. If I am not in this world when you succeed, just recollect that I, your affectionate father, was anticipating that a long time ago. I shall not write you any more, because you may be drowned in my paternal affection towards you, and you will probably lose your pluck. Think that I am already dead now, and go straight on without looking back. Neither do I want you to come back to say ' goodbye ' to us. For it will make you feel very difficult to depart." I read this letter again and again, and gazing towards my home, I worshipped my father.

One evening I went to see Yebina to show him my father's letter. He enthusiastically persuaded me to leave Japan at once, or else some trouble should be fallen upon myself soon. But on the very next morning I had such a bad headache, I kept myself in bed until he finished his breakfast. He came to my bed. I told him laughingly that I was too ill to get up. He did not believe me. He took

off my bedcloth, saying, "You are too lazy to be anything." I laughed more and got up and left his house. It was very difficult to reach to the house of my other cousin Goto. When I arrived to his house I could hardly speak. I laid myself in bed immediately. My cousin-doctor Kawanishi came. He saw me and sighed, "How dare you walk such a distance in this greatest fever! Look at my thermometer, it reaches the highest mark I have ever experienced." (I forget what degree it was). He was rather alarmed because the fever was getting into my heart. I remember he pasted something like mustard on my back to concentrate all the fever there, and prevent it going into the heart. It was awfully trying thing and I so often wanted to scratch it off, but I was not allowed. My eyes were so dim and I could not face towards the light. My bedroom was shut dark for about a week. Yebina, hearing my ill news, rushed in. He kneeled down by the side of my bed and took my hand. I saw him in tears. He was half-sad and half-perplexed. He said to me, "Why ever have you hid your pains to your dearest cousin-friend the other morning? You were laughing so jolly and I never thought you were really ill!"

I told him not to worry about me in that way, for I knew he did not think I was so very ill.

About ten days' time I was getting improved little

by little, and my brain began to work in every way. There was one Kakemono hung on the wall. It was a picture of some ancient Chinese sages having promenade in a sacred mountain. Watching this picture every day I began to feel that my all-self was a part of the picture. I said to Goto, "What is the use to struggle in this dirty world? What is fame? What is wealth and what is love? After all they all are nothing but temporary dreams. I want to give up this world altogether and live in the monastery of Koya San (the most sacred Buddhist monastery in Japan), and pass all my life quite sacred, like those sages in that picture." Goto was very surprised at me.

"What are you talking about, my dear Heiji? Why are you so changed? I thought you were the most ambitious boy to do something in this world. Besides, you must remember our life is mutual. You cannot be so selfish to yourself. This world is calling you forward. It is your duty to struggle in this world."

"No, no, let somebody else do their duty in this world. I have given up all my hope. I shall resign in the monastery."

"Resign? Nonsense! You haven't started anything yet. I know what you are now. You have been attacked by such a severe influenza and your health is not in normal state now. That is why

MY FIRST PROMENADE IN CONVALESCENCE

you are looking at everything as negative. Never mind, when you get quite well you will return to the same Heiji whom I knew before."

His statement was quite true. For when I got up and had the first walk in Uyeno Park and Mukō-Jima everything looked quite bright. They say in Japan, "During three days' absence, this world is turned into the cherry blossom!" When I got ill it was all winter view, but now I saw all the cherries were blossomed very gay. Butterflies were enjoying the spring sunbeams and flying so light above our heads and all the trees dressed themselves in the new tender green foliages! Oh, those tender greens! How very delightful to look at! I thought in my mind, Oh, let my destination be America or Europe, or even the end of the world! there must be trees wherever I go, and if I could see those tender foliages they would always comfort my hard life enough. My heart began to be filled up with my ambition again.

When one is anxious of his future life, he often gets into superstition and I was too weak to be the exception from this rule. Readers, you may laugh, but it is true that I went to several fortune-tellers. There was a Buddhist priest who was a very famous fortune-teller. I visited on him first. He saw my face and hands and said, "You shall live very long, perhaps over ninety."

I said, "Anything else? Can I travel a great deal?"

He said, "Yes, you can."

"To abroad?"

"What? To abroad? You are too ambitious. I see in your face nothing uncommon. You may travel all over Japan, you may have very easy time

A FORTUNE-TELLER AND I

all through your life, and you shall never meet any danger, but you cannot distinguish yourself very much."

I sighed, "Oh, such a fate shall be mine, thank you. Good-bye."

I called on another fortune-teller. I had to pay one yen and half. I kept it secret to all my cousin-friends, for they would get angry with me. This one said, I may travel to abroad, but I could not

succeed in the foreign country. I should be obliged to come back quite disappointed. Another fortune-teller said, " You shall get into a great trouble with some women, your countenance tells me you shall be turned into a beggar."

Every one of them informed me awfully unfavourable news upon my future, and to tell the truth, I was very upset. But I often recollect " you shall be turned into a beggar." It was true. For I was almost a beggar in San Francisco and in London, and also to get " into a great trouble with some women " was not quite untrue.

At that time, there was a girl who was in love with me. She went to Kannon Sama of Asakusa and brought me a printed fortune-telling sealed in an envelope. We opened it and found out the writing something like this :

" At the present moment you are under a dark cloud. If you move far off you shall come out to the bright sunshine. Take no notice of any woman, she will only prevent your ambition." The girl cried very bitterly, for she wanted our union in the future. Although I was much delighted and encouraged by the first part of that writing I, too, shed tears. I felt extremely sorry for her. Indeed I had nothing to be afraid in this world, but the tears of women and children. Even now, I am always ready to fight against any strong attack by

pen as well as by sword, because I have self-confidence that I am sincere. But for the tears of those tender and helpless women and children, I give away all my heart.

In fact, this matter made a great delay of my coming out to America. My cousin-friends recognized the fact, and some of them ventured to persuade the girl not to prevent my ambition. The girl was admirably in Bushido. She sacrificed her own love and began to help me to prepare my journey. It was the last part of June of 1893 that I prepared myself for the voyage. I sincerely thank to my cousin Goto, who did all what he could for me. He thought I needed some little pocket-money. He pawned his own things to raise up money for me. It was raining hard every day. Through this wet weather, he took a great trouble by running about everywhere, and he took me to Professor Shiga, who gave me an introduction letter to Baron Chinda, the Japanese Consul in San Francisco then. I went to the steamship company in Yokohama to buy a steerage ticket to San Francisco. The boat was *Peru*. The clerks of the company were standing inside the high office desks. One of them asked me my full name, my age, and address, and the object why I go to America. I felt as if I was summoned to the court. I confessed all the truth. One of my friends said to me, " You

are going as a steerage passenger ? You are too delicate. You will die before you reach Honolulu. If you feel too uncomfortable in the steerage, give a few coins to the stewards, they may easily put you in a cabin."

I said, " Oh, no, it does not seem quite right to do such thing instead of paying the full fare to the steamship company." He laughed and said, " Never mind about the steamship company, they are very rich and they don't expect to make money out of your poor pocket."

June 28th of 1893 our steamer *Peru* was to sail to San Francisco. Early on the same morning, I called on one of my friends in Yokohama. In a Japanese house we have to take off our footgears at the entrance. When I said good-bye to my friend and came out to the entrance, I found out some thief had stolen my boots. My friend went to a boot shop to buy another pair for me. But the shopman refused to take the American coin into which I had exchanged all my money the day before. I was in too hurry to bother this matter, for our steamer had to sail in a short time. My girl-cousin paid it and said it was her farewell present to me.

At 9 a.m. I, with a few cousin-friends, went to the wharf to engage a small boat to reach to the *Peru*, which anchored a mile away in the bay. My

aunt arrived at the spot just the time. I was quite astonished and rather nervous that she might stop me. However, she did not. She said to me, " My dear boy, why have you not told me before that you were going away ? I have almost lost the chance to say farewell to you ! "

I was much relieved.

We all got on board the *Peru* in half an hour later. A steward took me to a small steerage compartment where twelve berths were arranged in three rows. I had only one small bag, which he pushed underneath the berth. There I found about ten Japanese emigrants taking the other berths. All the sailors seemed very busy, they were running about on deck except two night watches, who were just climbing up the rope stairs from the sea after their swim. The steam whistle was blown ever so loudly. One steward was shouting to the visitors to clear out the boat. I simply said " Shikkei " to all my friends. No sooner all my friends got into the small boat than our engine began to work. The dark blue sea was transformed into white foam by the propeller. The keel was turned towards our destination, and I noticed the hills began to move slowly. I felt as if I were ascending towards the heaven. My heart cried out, " Oh, at last ! My ambition at last ! Freedom ! Yes, freedom from that unnatural marriage ! I am ready to penetrate

THE BACK OF YOKOHAMA BAY

through any hardship of my life, even if it were harder than the rock ! "

But when I looked towards the wharf, I saw all my friends were just getting on the shore from the boat. They looked smaller than ants. It was my farewell to them and I drooped my head. My sentimental heart was struck too much to utter a single word.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY EXPERIENCES IN SAN FRANCISCO

ON the early morning of July 15th, 1893, the s.s. *Peru* arrived at Golden Gate and I was on her board. The word " Asiatic steerage " is something more than dreadful for me to recollect now. Only those Chinese and Japanese labourers were in this class. First few days I could not eat the food they gave me. It was something more like the foods for dogs or horses. But I was lucky enough to be petted by those night watchmen. I don't know why they were so kind to me. Perhaps I was the youngest and neatest. They used to bring me some nice dishes. " Don't show that to the steward," they warned me. One Chinese boy, Han tsu Gi-Lon, was especially so kind. He was far more educated than those average Chinese. I used to have the conversation with him by writing, and he composed poetries ; some of them were quite good. I still remember the names of two of those American night watchmen. One was called Hinton and the other Black. They became great friends. I believed and trusted everybody, and

very often I mistook even their sneerings as kindness instead, all through my ignorance of their English (American, to speak more correctly !). One evening I went up to the deck, and it was rather cold, so I wrapped up myself with a rug. I looked just like Daruma (an image of a Buddhist disciple). A negro boy pointed on me and shouted, " Jesus

A NEGRO SWORE AT ME

Christ ! " Of course, I did not know anything about the American swearing ; so I was quite pleased to be called Christ, who is equal with Buddha in Japan. Black and Hinton looked sorry for me and told me " not to let a negro swear at me."

The negro himself found out that I was such a hopeless boy to swear at, and he afterwards became a real friend of mine and he taught me how to play " casino." Among the first-cabin passengers

there was Mr. Tsuda, an old Japanese gentleman well known by his intemperance work. He often invited me to his cabin.

During all through the voyage I had something so seriously to worry. It was just the time that the emigration law was established in America, and I was told that some American officers would come on board and examine all the steerage passengers, and if one had not more than one hundred dollars, he would not be allowed to land.

Alas! I had a little less than twenty dollars, and I spent about thirteen dollars at Honolulu. I told about this to all my Japanese, Chinese, and American friends. They all said I need not worry about that, because I was not a labourer. Some of them suggested me that if the officer asked me how much I had, I should say, "Several hundred dollars, which I have sent to some bank in San Francisco." I said I could not lie like that, and if I tried to lie, my expression changed immediately and they would find out the truth. And I wept. One or two of them soothed me tenderly and said it was not quite necessary to lie, but the officers would surely pass me.

I spoke this matter to Mr. Tsuda at last. He gave me such a happy idea. He said he would accompany me to the officer and tell the officer that I am his personal friend, and if the money

was necessary he would show his own money. Oh, I felt so easy and happy, as if I had met with a Buddha in the Hell.

All the passengers were excited on the night of July 14th, because we had to land on the next morning. Perhaps I was the most excited one. I could not sleep, so I was on the deck all night. About 2 a.m. I saw a light above the horizon. It was the pilot boat which was to lead our boat. Half an hour later I saw a hilly land on the right side, with plenty of electric illumination. That was San Francisco, the very destination of mine. How very beautiful city it must be!

We were soon enveloped into a thick mist. Nothing could be seen, and our boat stopped her engines. A few hours passed before the mist cleared up. About ten o'clock the *Peru* began to move on slowly. On the shore we saw many labourers were at work to take out the coals with transporter from the boats. I have never seen such severe work. Their faces were quite black with the coal dust, and the terrible sound of the transporter were deafening.

Mr. Tsuda pointed them out and said to me, "You must go through that sort of life!"

"Quite willingly!" I answered him, with such courage. Who knows, this courageous feeling of mine had to be swept away by some great dis-

appointment! What was my disappointment, then? Well, however dusty their faces were, however hard they were working, those white races are treated as humans. And it was quite different matter with us Japanese. The readers must be patient until you come to read my experiences later on, unless you have witnessed Japanese life in California.

Our boat arrived at the wharf at last. Hundreds of Chinese were made into rows on the deck. Several officers of the emigration came to examine the Chinese. I saw my dear friend Han tsu Gi-Lon in the row. He had put on his best silk robe for landing. The officers were making mark on the back of each Chinese with chalk, and so pitilessly an officer made a big mark on my friend's shoulder, then they were shouting and pushing and kicking those poor Chinese.

Oh, what on earth does that mean? I have never seen the human beings treated like that before. The English shepherds would treat their sheeps much tenderer!

I went straight to Han tsu Gi-Lon and shook his hand. "I cannot bear to see you treated like this. It makes me feel so sad."

My Chinese friend seemed not much minded.

"Ah, allo Melicans do the same. You savez, Hip allight." Then he took out a piece of paper

and wrote his address in Sacramento Street, and asked me to call on him. An emigration officer came to us and shouted, "What are you doing here? You, Jap, have nothing to do with the Chinamen!" I politely explained him, with my very broken English, that that Chinese was my dear friend.

The officer, without single word, pushed me away so roughly. I could not even weep. No, it was beyond that. I was really angry. I said to myself, "Oh, how mistaken I was to think America was one of the most civilized countries! This is really most barbarous country indeed."

Mr. Tsuda came to me and said, "Now you must go to that room where you shall be examined."

I followed after him. In the room I found out the American officer with an interpreter and two Japanese gentlemen. One of them, I understood, was Mr. Chinda, the Japanese Consul, to whom I had an introduction letter.

The officer asked me, "What for you come to America?" I said directly to him in English, "For studying."

"Do you know anybody in San Francisco?"

I said, "No. But I have an introduction to the Japanese Consul," and I pulled out the letter from my pocket and was going to give it to Mr. Chinda. Mr. Chinda shook his head. I under-

stood that he meant I mustn't do that there. The officer announced, "Pass!" Mr. Tsuda and I were both so delighted. But I met another difficulty. Mr. Tsuda landed quite safe from the cabin gangway. He hired a cab and beckoned me to land at once. Alas, no ladders were put from the steerage deck!

I saw some sailors were arranging two narrow boards from the deck to the wharf. I thought it was for me to land. I stepped on them. Lo! they were so flexible and so slippery that I slipped right down to the wharf. They shouted after me, "Here, here, what are you doing?"

Afterwards I learnt that was for sliding the luggages!

After I joined to Mr. Tsuda I found out I had forgotten my bag on board. I wanted to get on board again, but I was not allowed.

One of the Japanese steerage passengers shouted, "Never mind. I shall bring that out for you."

I said, "Nothing much in it, so if it is too troublesome for you, throw it into the water."

However, he was kind enough to take care of it, and brought it out after half a day's delay (all the steerage passengers had to be detained half-day). Mr. Tsuda and I drove to a Japanese Mission in Mission Street.

Many young Japanese were in a room where I

entered in. I was quite shocked with the topic of their conversation. It seemed to me a dream of dreams. Most of them seemed to be proud of being "Americanized." They were even calling each other with such Christian names as "Charlie," "Jack," "Joe"! Fancy giving up their own Japanese names which their beloved parents gave them! Let me write down a sketch of their conversation.

"Charlie, what are you doing now?"

"I? I got a job—three dollars and half a week!"

"What is it?"

"Well, cook; but the mistress talks awfully lots. She is a cat! And what about yourself, Joe?"

"General housework! Only two in family and two dollars and half. They say they will raise up to three later on."

"Oh, you are a lucky dog!"

"And you, Tom?"

"I have no work; I am trying to get a job as a 'schoolboy.'"

I myself sat down on a chair in the corner and drooped my head and kept silence. One of them came to me and said, "I suppose you are green, aren't you? You better to hurry up. When the rainy season comes, you cannot get any work, you know!"

I said very timidly, "Could we not get any work a little more manly than domestic?"

They laughed at me and said, "That is why we call you 'green.' Um, do you think the whites would give us a chance beside domestic, or fruit-picking, or railway-laying?"

But at that moment I was foolish enough to believe I could make money by the brain.

On the same night there was Dai Nippon Jin Kai (social meeting of the great Japan). In Japan we have many associations and clubs with the names "Dai Nippon so-and-so." To me "Great Nippon" sounded something very noble; so I was much flattered to attend to Dai Nippon Jin Kai. I went out in the street and asked a policemen where was the meeting. He asked his comrade, "Where are Japs going to have a meeting?" Fancy, the Californian translation for "Great Nippon" is "Japs"! It gave away 100 per cent of dignity. I was so astonished, and the shock went deeply into my spine.

In that meeting Rev. Harris and Mr. Chinda had the demonstration about the Japanese education in California. Whereupon I learnt a great lesson: For the first time in my life I realized the critical question about Japanese in California. I most sincerely appreciated the kindness of Rev. Harris, who was trying so hard to protect us!

The next day I went to the Golden Gate Park with another Japanese. Whenever we passed before the crowds, they shouted "Jap!" and "Sukebei!" (the latter word is too rude to translate). Then some of them even spat on us. When we came out to the corner of Geary Street pebbles were showered upon us! That was my first and very last visit to the Golden Gate Park!

By the experiences day after day, I had learnt that there was nothing but domestic work left for my livelihood, because the Californians didn't recognize us as the humans and they wouldn't accept any of our brain work. I thought, "How dreadful that is!" But I had to go through it, for my last nickel was gone within a week and I had to get any work immediately. I decided myself that as long as I did domestic work I should persevere everything in silence; because it would be absolutely foolish to talk about dignity after making myself as a slave.

I was told there was one job as a "schoolboy" in Sutter Street near Steiner Street. First thing I had to do was to buy a white coat and apron. Some Japanese lent me the money for that. Then he took me to the house. He settled my wage with the "ma'am"—one dollar and half a week.

Immediately the ma'am demanded me to scrub the kitchen floor. I took one hour to finish. Then

I had to wash windows. That was very difficult job for me. Three windows for another hour! She said, "You are slow worker, but you do everything so neat. Never mind; you will learn by and by. I like you very much."

In the evening her husband, sons, and daughters came back. The whole family was eight in number. The ma'am taught me how to cook.

She asked me if my name was "Charlie." I said, "Yes, ma'am." At the dinner-table, she called, "Charlie, Charlie." But by that time I had quite forgotten that "Charlie" was my own name; so I did not answer. I was sitting on the kitchen chair and thinking what a change of life it was. The ma'am came into the kitchen and was so furious! It was such a hard work for me to wash up all dishes, pans, glasses, etc., after the dinner. When I went into the dining-room to put all silvers on sideboard, I saw the reflection of myself on the looking-glass. In a white coat and apron! I could not control my feelings. The tears so freely flowed out from my eyes, and I buried my face with my both arms. One of the daughters noticed that and asked me what was the matter. I said, "Nothing, miss." The rest of the family came in. She said to them, "Something is not quite right with this little Jap." But by that time I had quite recovered from my foolish misery. So I

laughed, and they all called me "a funny little Jap."

I think I worked there about four days. Such a hard work from six in the morning until ten in the night! On the fourth or fifth evening I went to the Japanese Y.M.C.A. in Height Street, where one of my villagers was. I told him all about my daily work. He was so surprised. He said, "That is not a schoolboy, but the general housework. If you work as a schoolboy you ought to get time for the school hours. I suppose they are taking advantage of you, because you are green. Ask them to give you time to study."

There I learnt a new lesson and I went back to my room to sleep. All night I was thinking what to do. I hated to have any dispute which the servants generally do with their mistress. So I had come to the conclusion to leave that house altogether. At the luncheon-time next day, when there were the ma'am and her elder daughter, I simply said this, "Please let me go immediately."

They asked me why I wanted to go away. I said, "Because I want to go away." They did not want to lose "a nice little Jap they have ever had." But after a few minutes the daughter broke in, "Oh, let him go away; we have no right to stop him against his will!" (I think

this is the real American spirit, and I admire it so much. Even now I cannot forget.)

The mother lost her temper and shouted, " That is not your business." Whereupon the daughter was very indignant. They had a furious quarrel about half an hour. Then the mother insisted she wouldn't let me go before her husband came back, or else she wouldn't pay my wages. I said I did not want any payment and said, " Good-bye, ma'am and miss." When I came to the door, the daughter came to me and said, " I myself will pay you from my own pocket," and she gave me one dollar.

Since then I have been in seven or eight houses to work as a " schoolboy," " half-day housework," or a " cook." In some places I got " sack " because I could not work quick enough, and in other places I ran away because either they did not pay me at all or they treated me too cruelly. In that way one whole year passed. During that time the Japanese Y.M.C.A. was my first head-quarter, but I soon changed it to the Een sei sha (non-Christian Association), where I passed my starving days' interval to my working days. Very often I could not pay for my bed, 10 cents a night, and I passed whole nights by walking on the streets. One morning, after my all night walk, I called on some house in Bush Street where my Japanese friend was working

as a cook. Of course, I went to the back door. He was so sorry for me and took me to his own room in down-cellar. Just while he was making some hot cakes for my breakfast, his ma'am came into the kitchen and asked him, "What for are you making so many hot cakes?" Whereupon he replied, "These are for my own breakfast, ma'am," and he ate all in her presence. He told me afterwards that it was the hardest work for him to eat so much when he had no appetite, and he was so frightened that the lady might come into his room, where I was lying down, so he locked the door. I slept on his bed for a half-day, and when his ma'am went out for afternoon shopping, he put two boiled eggs in my pocket and made me go away.

At that time I met with the Japanese Consul and some other elderly country-fellows, and I told them my ambition to become an English writer. They all advised me to be an artist instead, because the foreigners never become master of the other language.

I thought they were quite right and I decided to study the art. I wanted to attend to the Hopkins Art College. But the difficulty was the expense. The monthly tuition was six dollars for the cast-class and seven dollars for the life-class.

If I worked as a schoolboy I could get the school

hours, but my wages were not enough to pay the tuition. If I tried to get enough money I could not get time enough. I thought the best way was to do some hard work and save money for study. So I took a job as a general houseworker and cook at a house on Pine Street, near Gough Street. It was three dollars a week.

When my room was shown to me, I saw some Japanese writing on the wall. Evidently some Japanese had been working here before. I read this :

" Beware ! This is the most horrible place, the ma'am is such a hard-hearted woman ! "

I said to myself, " Very well. Let the ma'am be ' hard-hearted ' and let this place be as ' horrible ' as possible. I am only a slave at the present moment ; I shall persevere everything." But that prophesying was only too true. The woman (really I cannot call her lady) was so selfish and so bad-tempered. From morning till night she was grumbling at me for nothing. Well, I succeeded to bear that. But I was so unfortunate to get a severe influenza. It was needless to plead my illness ; so I worked just the same. On my every step my head felt as if it was going to be cracked, and the woman grumbled at me because my work was so slow. When I went to bed at ten o'clock, I felt as if some red-hot iron was stuck to my spine and yellow smoke was puffing

through my nostrils. I passed three or four days in that way.

My patience was broken at last, and I left that house after four weeks or so. All my Japanese friends told me that I was so pale and nothing but skin and bones. I got a nickname, " Kageboshi " (shadowy figure).

However, I had earned a little over ten dollars. Some Japanese told me the best thing was to do day-work. By which it meant to go to the Japanese employment office and get jobs of cleaning windows and steps, etc. So I did that. Then I got a better job to vulcanize some false teeth for some dentists.

By these ways I earned the money enough to attend to the Art College for two months. Then the saddest blow fell upon me. I got the news of my father's death in Japan. I suppose there is no one who doesn't feel sad by losing father. But I had shock more than anybody. I was so much attached to him, especially after my mother's death, and to me his one pleasing word was far more than thousands of nice reviews. I intended to succeed before he died only to see his pleasing smile !

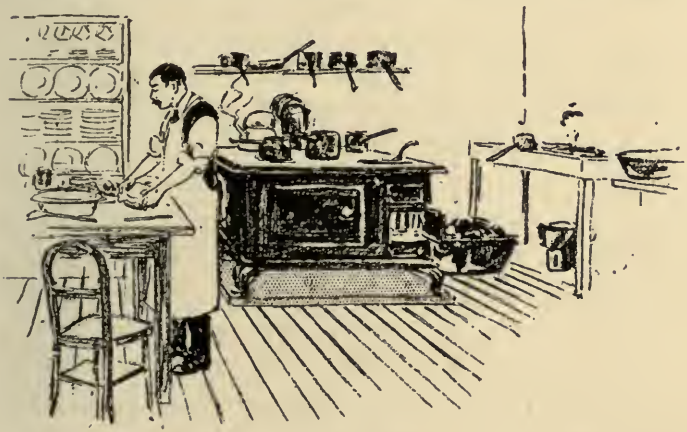
My sister and brother wrote me all graphic details, and I learnt that my father was caught with paralysis so suddenly. They asked my father what were his last words to leave for me.

He could not speak, so he wrote on a piece of paper, " I shall not die until I see Yoshio's success." It was only a few hours before he died. This made me quite broken down. I took out my father's last letter and read it again and again, and I shed my tears freely. I passed the first few days as a dream. Then I began to swear at the Creator. Why has he so cruelly snatched my father away ? In my boyish mind I thought it was too foolish to walk on the proper way in this beastly wretched world. So I became a gambler, and lived in the Chinese opium den.

It did not last more than three or four weeks. Their brains were so low and their behaviour was so rough, and I could not get on well with them. But there I learnt a great lesson. I heard some great professional gambler was talking. He said, " Some times I come here with hundred dollars in my pocket, and during a night they get down to ten cents. However, with this ten cents I could make hundred dollars again. But if I bring only ten cents in my pocket, that ten cents never makes hundred dollars, nay, not ten dollars."

This stimulated my heart so much, I said to myself, " Well, I came out into this world as a Samurai. Although I am no more than a slave now, I shall get back to a Samurai, wherever I go." Thus I determined to study hard.

By this time I had learnt all cookings and washings and ironings, so I got just a suitable job for myself. Miss Holden, a medalist student at the Art School, wanted a Japanese boy at her house in Vallejo Street. Her family was seven in number, and I had to cook breakfast and dinner, and on Saturday to do washing



I AS A COOK

half-day and house-cleaning for the other half. All her family treated me very tenderly. They were English—very English indeed. Queen Victoria's portrait was hung over the middle wall of the drawing-room !

I felt quite at home. They gave me all conveniences for my art study. If I wanted to go out for sketching, they would have early break-

fast in beds. In the evenings, when their friends came, I was always called to the drawing-room to have chat with them. I was so earnest to make some composition for the fortnightly competition at the school. I always put my half-finished composition on the kitchen table while I was cooking, and so absent-minded I was, and I made awful mess on the cooking. A kettle on the fire had no water and began to crack. I got a dipper full of water and poured it on mashed potatoes instead of in the kettle. Sometimes I burnt porridge. Sometimes when I opened the oven I found my sponge-cake was transfigured into a red flaming fire. They always forgave my faults and passed every mistake simply by laughter. I worked there nearly three years.

Only once I had a dreadful time which I cannot forget even now. Their lovely cat had four kittens. They asked me to take these four little kittens in a potato sack to the seashore near by and drown them ! I could not act myself as such a cruel demon. Yet I could not refuse the demand by my master and mistress. Anyhow, I took that cats-full sack to the seashore. I pulled one of them out and I so fearfully put it in a shallow water and watched it. It looked so miserable, so I picked it up. I went to a lonely street and took all kittens out of the sack and left them amidst the street with heartily earnest

hope that some sympathetic person might pick them up. When I ran away from them, they cried so loud, "Mew, mew, mew!" Some sixteen or eighteen years passed since then, but even now I can hear their pitiful "Mew, mew" so clearly!

At the school I paid six dollars a month out of my wages, so I had only two dollars a month as my pocket-money, with which I had to buy all necessary things for my study as well as for my living. So naturally I could not pay traffic fares. I had to walk all the way. I often had bad fever on rainy days, because I was quite wet through, yet I had no other suits or boots to change. So often I wanted to give up this hard study. But every time I got some encouragement to go on. I attended on the cast-class for about six months, then I reached to the extremity of the hardship, I thought I must give up the school. Then Mr. Mathew (the head master) came to me and said, "You work so well, you must join to the life-class from to-morrow."

All my classmates envied me, and I was much encouraged; but, on the other hand, fancy, I had to pay seven dollars a month! My pocket-money was reduced into one dollar a month. I decided to do some window-washing in the morning before the school hours. So I hurried to wash the breakfast dishes as quick as possible and went to the Japanese employment office to get jobs.

One day awfully comical incident happened. I got a job to wash ten windows for half-dollar. It was a fortune for me. I carried a few rags and rang the bell. A young boy came out. Lo! he was my classmate!

"Hallo, how could you find out my house? Walk in! I shall show you my sketches. Then have luncheon with me, and then we shall go to the school together." I was so shy to say I went there to wash windows, so I hid the rags in my pocket and did just as I was told, and I enjoyed myself. Afterwards I learnt that his mother went to the employment office and complained very much because they did not send her a Jap to wash windows!

In that way I attended to the Art School for eleven or twelve months with many intervals, and I always made my own luncheon from the breads given to the students for charcoal drawings. But as the time was passing on my suits were getting into rags, my boots worn out, and my shirts and hat getting too old to wear. Alas, I had to give up my school lessons. So I did all sorts of day-works instead of going to the school. An idea came into my mind that I need not attend to the school for landscape study. With the money I got by washing windows and scraping the steps for several months, I bought a painting-box, some tubes of oil-paints, and brushes, but as I

could not buy canvases, I asked Mr. Holden to give me those cigar-boxes to paint on. One day I went to Land's End (near Cliff House) with all my provisions to learn the sketching. Some rough boys came and destroyed all my materials. It was such a disheartening thing for me. I was so frightened to go out—even on the streets, they used to throw stones at me. But it must be remembered they are not all the haters of Japanese.

Once while I was passing the spare ground on the corner of Fillmore Street and Geary Street, some big fellow threw a large stone at me. It struck my head. My hat was broken and my head got hurt. I never took any notice, but walked on.

A young lady was walking on the opposite side. She came to me and said, " Why don't you get a policeman to prison him ? "

I said, " No, ma'am. It is quite useless, ma'am. I tried once or twice before, but police don't take any notice of us Japanese."

She expressed her deep sorrow and said she would speak to her father about that.

Another time, some one spat on me, and a gentleman was near by. He caught that fellow and smacked his head. I asked the gentleman not to be too severe, because I was so afraid that fellow might revenge on me only too hard.

Since then I tried to avoid to go out, unless it

was quite necessary. I thought for studying any subject would do, to draw or paint, so I used to sketch books, kettles, chairs, or anything handy in the room.

This is a very rough sketch of my four years' life in San Francisco. All the time I was thinking that was not the place for me to stay long. Every day, nay, every hour, I wanted to get out from this actual Hell, and come out to the "East" or Europe. Oh, so often I looked at the eastern sky and worshipped and prayed, "Let me go." On the August, 1897, I met with Captain Sakurai, who happened to be in San Francisco for building a Japanese cruiser there. He gave me some introduction letters to his friends in Paris and London. He bought one of my sketches for thirty dollars (I think it really did not worth a nickel). Then another Japanese, Mr. Ota, gave me twenty dollars. With this money I paid the railway fare to New York.

At New York I had no less hard life—quite penniless again.

I wanted to cross the Atlantic as a sailor. But any employment office would not give me a job as a sailor because I was "too delicate." I struggled very hard there for four months. Then one of my Japanese friends in San Francisco forwarded me fifty dollars for the boat-fare. With this I came

to Europe. Now San Francisco is simply my nightmare, yet I am most grateful to her. To confess the truth, I was such a weak-minded boy, especially for girls; all my villagers thought I might so possibly ruin my life on account of love affairs. But that hard life in San Francisco saved me from all the temptations.

CHAPTER XIX

ETHIC AND RELIGION

SINCE I left America until the first part of 1910 I have had some struggles against my poverty in London. I have already written this in a book form by the request of my publishers. (See *A Japanese Artist in London.*)

I can divide my whole life up to this day into three parts. First part ends when I lost my mother at the age of eleven. Until that age I was a very spoilt boy, although I had enough worrying about my mother's ill-health. Second part is from the death of my mother until the time I left my home country. During this period I began my poor life. But my poverty did not affect on my mind at all; only the question about the Christianity was heavily hanging on my mind. Perhaps it was most trying time in my life.

Third part of my life was spent in America and in London quite pennilessly. During this period I have practised all my philosophy and ethic on my poor daily life. And I have solved out many questions about the human life, which had been quite

doubtful in my childish mind. My own philosophy has been getting its solid foundation in this third part of my life. And now I am going to write about it.

The Occidental nations are generally mixing up the Ethic and Religion together. The reason is very simple. It is all because you have no other ethical foundation than the Bible. Therefore if one declares he is not a Christian he is soon looked down upon by his neighbours as "no character." When I was living in one of those poor lodging-houses in London, the landlady paid me her compliment, saying, "You always say you are not a Christian, but it seems to me you are more Christian than those Christians who go to the churches."

These complimentary words themselves tell how you mix up the ethic with the religion. Now let me explain what is the pure ethic. Suppose you are quite alone in the desert! There shall be no ethic whatever. You may swing your sword round freely. You may discharge your revolver in any direction! Your own conscience would allow you to do anything you like.

But no sooner than another human comes near you, you cannot do everything as you like. You would have to think of your companion's *life*, his liberty, nay, even of his own pleasure. Therefore, the thicker becomes the population around you the

more you shall have to sacrifice your own selfishness. This is what I call " ethic," and if your conscience is perfectly sound you can perform the ethic beautifully. For your own conscience demands you to love all your neighbours as much as your own self. But in case your conscience gets disease and you disturb your neighbours' liberty, you shall deserve the punishment according to the degree of the damage you have done to your neighbours. This is what we call " Law." The ethic and law are most complicate things, for our human life itself is not simple at all. I may write a thick volume of book about the ethic and law, and yet it wouldn't be sufficient to solve every question which would occur in our every-day's life. Anyhow, they are just like the geometry : however difficult and complicated may be the higher geometry, if you solve every problem, they ought all to come to the most elemental theory —that is to say, " From a point to a point is the straight line." So with the ethic and laws ! However complicated they may be, if you dispense each theory, they should come to that simplest point which I mentioned above. If they don't come to it, I must say they are neither genuine ethic nor genuine law, and we must get rid of them.

But the religion or philosophy are entirely different things from the ethic and law altogether. Even if you were quite alone in the desert, there

you need either religion or philosophy, just to get the grace and peace in your heart, and it does not affect you whether you are among the thickly-populated world or in the desert quite alone. Look at those Epistles of St. Paul and the other saints in the New Testaments. They always begin their writing with " Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father," etc. etc. This is the real religion.

Now let me explain it in the simplest words. Ethic and law is mutual, while the religion or philosophy is individual. For instance, look at that parable of the " Rock of Ages "* (where one woman

* By the way, when the missionaries explained me about that parable of " Rock of Ages," I had some queer and peculiar feeling about the Christianity. It sounded to me awfully selfish religion. For the Christianity is always persuading you to individual salvation. That is to say, you must save your own soul, notwithstanding about your parents' or children's or wife's and husband's souls at all. It naturally sounds very selfish to the Japanese whose heart is far too mutual to accept it. Once upon a time in Japan there was a most wicked robber called Goemon. He had a little boy called Goroichi. Although this boy was such a sweet darling, his father always took this boy whenever he was committing the dreadful crime of robbering and murdering. At last they were made the prisoners.

In such a primitive age we had a very cruel law as elsewhere in the world at the time. Goemon and his little boy were to be boiled to death in a large pot. When Goemon was put in the boiling water of the pot, he raised up his little boy above the water until he corrupted and died in the pot. We Japanese have this drama on the stage, and notwithstanding how wicked Goemon was, we always worship him as the good specimen of the paternal love. In our history, there are hundreds case in which parents

is climbing up the Cross of Rock, while her sister was washed away by the waves, simply because the former had faith while the latter had not). That is a very good example of the *pure* religion.

Therefore, no matter whether we believe in some religion or not, and whichever races we are, we, all the human beings upon this world, should be mutual to perform the pure ethic and try to keep the euphony to each other. This is the reason why I talk about this question freely in this country, notwithstanding I am only a stranger to you. For my own conscience and my love and my deep sympathy toward you all do not allow me any hesitation to speak about the difference of the races and religions.

St. Paul wrote a most sincere letter about this

and children or husbands and wives have shared the punishment together, and it was carried on the religious account too. The tradition says some filial son was sent to the Paradise after his death. He was eagerly searching his own mother there. But he was told that his mother was so wicked and therefore she was sent to the Hell. He preferred the Hell with his mother than to stay in the Paradise alone, and he went into the hell. Such is the ordinary Japanese idea. To my childish mind, "The Rock of Ages" was simply shocking. I believe it was not only myself alone, but there were many Japanese who shrugged their shoulders about this parable. I believe this spirit makes us so patriotic.

Perhaps there may be some missionaries among the readers of this book and they may be intending to work in Japan. Therefore I write this foot-note for them. Japan is the free country of religion. You may go there to preach the Christianity if you like. But you must know their nature and prepare yourselves how to preach them. Or else you shall have no fruit on your work.

ethic in twelfth and thirteenth chapters of the First Corinthians. Especially note the second verse of the thirteenth chapter: "And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and *have not charity, I am nothing.*"

Confucius and Mencius always talked about the same subject. I have already quoted the words of Mencius in the preceding chapter in this book. By the way, these two ancient Chinese philosophers were only high-ethical men. They never went into the religions. Once Confucius was asked by one of his pupils:

"Master, may I hear about the Heaven (or the Future Life)?"

Confucius said, "Have you ever perfectly performed your duties in this life?"

The pupil answered, "Not yet."

"Then," Confucius said, "don't ask me about the future; we all need not know it yet."

Indeed, if we try our best at the most precious moment called "present," all our "past" should be good, and why should we worry about our "future"? This is the principle of my philosophy, and I apply this philosophy upon our *mutual* ethic every day.

Now then, let me proceed to the religion, especially the Christianity, which has been the greatest question upon my mind for all my life. I sincerely

hate to discuss the religion with nothing but the dried-up logic. For, as I said before, the faith in religion is absolutely *individual*. Each individual gets this faith from his innermost heart for the sake of his own "peace." Therefore it could not be easily altered by the others' logic. Not only that, but most occasionally one's feeling gets hurt by discussing about this faith. If you strike the ice with a hammer, you may easily make it into fine powders, but you cannot melt the ice unless you put it on the fire. Now the logic is the hammer, and the faith and sympathy is the fire. What is the use to break down the human hearts into powder with the hard, hammer-like logics then ? Only the way for us is to be melted comfortably by the warmest faith, sympathy, and sincerity. And what I am going to write about with my sincerity is my twenty years' impression upon the Christianity. Most readers may be shocked if I confess you that, unfortunately, I could not become a Christian, after all. For I am keeping myself most sincere to my conscience, which forbids me to call myself a Christian ! I may be able to deceive my neighbours if I want to, but I cannot deceive my own conscience. Therefore, if you don't want to read the following chapters, please don't. I beg you to shut the book now. I am writing the following chapters only for those who want to read them.

I am Ethical, but not Religious

It is such a long, long time since the Christianity invaded into Europe. Your father, grandfather, great-grandfather and further remote ancestors have been the Christians, and you are born amid such a pure Christian country, therefore your brains, your heart, your flesh and bones are entirely saturated into the Christianity. In fact, the Christianity is your undeniable instinct, and every word that the Bible says comes to your mind very naturally, whatever it may be, and you are worshipping it without any question. And I know your conscience would prohibit you to doubt the Bible. At least, you feel a great sinner to discuss about the words of the Bible.

To me it is different thing altogether. As I said in the former chapter, I have never seen or heard of the Bible until I went to that American Missionary School. The Bible to me is no more than Byron to you. You cannot stop me putting many "why's" to every page of the Bible. For it seems to me so many unnatural, illogical, and impossible things are written in it—especially about the salvation of our soul by the blood of "Emmanuel" and his resurrection, etc. etc.

Suppose you go to a Japanese restaurant, you would not touch any dish until you asked the waiter

what was cooked in it, and even if it is quite wholesome food you may often upset yourself, while we Japanese are only delighted to eat many of those dishes for the pleasure as well as the nourishment. I myself had a bad indigestion when I had a European dinner for the very first time. It is bad enough to get indigestion through the different diet. But it is far more serious matter if one gets indigestion in his conscience through the incomprehensible religion! This was my case with the Christianity.

First of all, I have been most carefully observing the Christian life in the Christian countries for last eighteen years. Whoever of you are directly and really practising every word of "the Sermon on the Mountain"? I have noticed you are modifying the words of Christ conveniently to yourselves, and I quite agree with you. But such a method is just like the stage "buildings." You cannot live permanently in the buildings made for the stage. They will be easily cracked!

The sincerest humans ought to live in "the Castle built on the Rocks." What is the "Castle on the Rock"? My own "Castle on the Rock" is my sincerity to my own conscience. If my conscience could not believe anything, I could not pretend myself to stick to it. Let the whole world be opposed against me, I have no fear as long as I don't oppose against my own conscience. Why should I be afraid

of the Bible, then ? I rather go to the " hell " as a sincere human than to go to the " heaven " as an insincere hypocrite. For this reason I cannot belong to any religion. " Peace " in my heart is founded entirely upon my own philosophy.

Once or twice I visited a church of some certain sect. There I heard the preachings. The clergyman was trying hard to explain all those superstitious words in the Bible in a " scientific " way, saying that those " miracles " were merely allegorical ! I was rather amused and curious about his cleverness. But there are many of this sort of man in Japan, too.

For instance, the ancient Chinese history says, " The last part of Shinno dynasty was in a great disorder. The columns of the heaven were corrupted and the corners of the earth were torn away. Joka, the great king, kneaded the stones in five colours (red, blue, yellow, black, and white) and mended the columns of the heaven. And he cut off the feet of the great Tortoise (on whose back the earth is situate). Then the whole nation enjoyed the peace."

Some scholars believe this meant there was a great earthquake, but the virtue of the great King conquered over that catastrophe, and " more advanced " scholars give such a conveniently wonderful explanation about this. They say, " the columns of the

heaven " means the moral, and " the corners of the earth " means the social life. That period was very immoral and wicked, therefore Joka established the higher ethic. " The stones of five colours " mean " Charity, Duty, Etiquette, Wisdom, and Sincerity," and to " cut off the feet of that great tortoise " means to execute all the wicked people who disturb the social life. And those scholars are *très content* with their own definition. However, they seem to me too much forced analogy after all. There is not enough sincerity. It must be remembered that in the high ancient ages those primitive humans everywhere in the world were very much superstitious owing to the lack of their scientific knowledge. Surely everything must have seemed to them exactly as they have written in their own record. And I must admit that they did that with their utmost sincerity. For instance, look at St. Paul's letters in the New Testament. Who could suspect his sincerity ? Especially such as thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians or fourteenth chapter of the Romans would make one tremble if he is not as sincere as St. Paul himself. But with this wonderful sincerity he has written many things which are absolutely impossible. St. Paul was a primitive human at any rate, and he himself was happy enough in his superstitious faith. Therefore I can say this much—although I cannot believe in

Christ as " the Son of God," I have full faith in the two Testaments that every word was written with the sincerity of some human beings. Only the human beings have much emotion, which is so movable, and we cannot expect it to be as accurate as some scientific machine. This is not only for those primitive ages, but even at the present time many unreliable accounts are happening every day.

For instance, I have full confidence upon my personal friends here. But very occasionally they make some astonishing rumour of myself. I trust them as the sincerest persons, and they would not tell lies. Why, then, they are making such utterly false rumours about me ? All because they have movable emotions. Those who are too fond of me add a few more flattering words than what I have really done, while those who don't care of me talk about me less than I am. And when this account is handed from one to another for several times it may become an extraordinary tale in the end, though every one of them are quite sincere. I believe almost all the human histories are full of these events, and especially so in the religious books, for religion makes the human delusions easier than the other matters.

Mencius said, two thousand years ago, that " if you believe everything in the books you would be better not to read the books at all." We must ask to our consciences how much to believe and how

much to reject in the books, even in the "Holy Bible."

How I Recognized the Religions

However, I must say that I have found out how great benefit and advantage the Bible has given to people, especially to those weak ones who so easily get into delusion. It is the human nature (it has been more so in those primitive ages) that when one finds out his own faults (or "sins," as the Christians term it), he begins to feel that he should have to pay the penalty. This was very well expressed in that famous Japanese drama called *Yugiri*, by Chikamatsu. In this drama a prodigal son called Izacmon said, "If we travelled one hundred miles away we must walk back hundred miles again to come home. And now I shall have to pay the penalty as many times as I have committed sins, or else I cannot be entitled to see my dear parents."

How very natural and very human are these words! When one "repents his sins" he would always feel in this way, and there are so many who easily get into the delusion. They are feeling that their lives are too much stained to get back into any noble work again. These people often give up their life in their desperation, while some braver heroes would unnecessarily torture their own life for the sake to get back into the purer life. This sort of

trouble and worrying is only an awkward handicap to the beautiful heart after its own repentance. Indeed, there have been, or there are always, many people with the heavy " burden " on their conscience. To cure these poor hearts, the Bible has given many splendid parables such as " the Prodigal Son," " the Lost Sheep," " the Thief on the Cross," etc. etc. And the true Christians are much comforted by these clever parables and their " burdens " are immediately taken off whenever they read the Bible, and they can do splendid works in this world with their lightest hearts !

But it must be remembered that Buddha said the same thing too. Those Brahmins thought that they should suffer themselves to pay the penalty of their own " sin." They used to torture their own bodies terribly to get " peace " in their hearts. Whereupon, Buddha has given a great release to them with this simple word, " Soksin Jobutsu," or " Repentance itself is your salvation."

After all, the religion is just like the chloroform. When you are to undergo a severe operation, you shall have to be chloroformed in order to avoid that pain. Indeed, this world gives so much pain to the human life and many need something to forget the pain. To forget these pains they have their faith in the religion. It is splendid. But I often hear the doctors object to give chloroform to some people

whose physique does not suit to be chloroformed. He is to be operated without it then, notwithstanding the pain.

I must say that the chloroform called religion does not suit my conscience ; therefore I shall have to go through all my life in this world without it, even if I suffer more than those religious people. I cannot be intoxicated with any religion. I am always quite sober and ready to persevere any pain with the full sense.

Contrast between East and West

What a great contrast is between East and West ! Especially about the policy and religion. In the West the political opinions are quite democratic and radical, while the religion is extraordinarily autocratic. Every one is criticizing their own king and emperor. But most of them dare not criticize Christ ! In Japan it is absolutely reverse. We always criticize all the religions. To our Japanese idea, Christ or Buddha are no more than our friends. Ask any orthodox Buddhist in Japan about Buddha. He would answer you, " I am a human and so was Buddha ! " But who would dare criticize the Mikado in Japan ? If there were any, he must be a lunatic or an extraordinary exception. Our loyalty to the Mikado is just as much as the Christian faith to Christ of Nazareth ! Indeed, it is the

THE SACRED TEMPLES OF ISE

sacred faith we have toward our Mikado. But you cannot argue our faith in Mikado with your dried-up logic, as I said before about your own Christianity!

"Faith" does not always coincide with the logic. Nay, it is the faith which gives your heart satisfaction where the logic fails or even contradicts. Therefore those primitive savages always brought every question into "faith" directly, without using their brains in the sciences. To them, everything was "God's will"—even such as the eclipse of the sun and moon! Then so-called civilization has come into this world and the better-brained people have been leading the rest of humans with their sciences, which have brought many a superstitious and suspicious question into the light. But even now, when the sciences fail to analyse some doubtful questions, people always bring them to "God's will." Therefore I say, the more we are civilized, the further away God goes! By the way, however we are "civilized" you may say, we are not far away from the primitive savages or even from the wild animals, as long as we feel the necessity of *war*. The primitives undoubtedly believed the duel or war as the best decision to find out "God's will," and they sharpened their swords immediately instead of discussing the matter with words. How much damage that superstition has given to this world! Open

your histories and see, and ask your sincere conscience about it !

To-day in Japan the law governs the religions. I am very proud of it. On the other hand, I must say loyalty to Mikado is itself our religion and our faith, which gives all the real happiness to the nation. For this happiness, the logic is almost ignored ! However, it is what we call " refined manner."

Now let me give you an instance of the Japanese faith in Mikado. Some 800 years ago there was a great philosopher called Saigyo. He was almost an anarchist. He had shaken off all the human honours. All that he wanted were one cloth and one cane. (How strange it should be coincided with the idea of Christ.) And he had pilgrimage all over the country. Wherever he went, he always made a poetry and left it in the place. The Shogun invited Saigyo to his most luxurious palace and presented him a beautiful silver cat executed by the greatest artist at the time. Saigyo received it and came out to the palace gate where some children were playing. Those youngsters asked him to give them that silver cat. He immediately gave it to the children, only to the disheartening amazement of the Shogun, who was watching him from the palace. Such was Saigyo's life. But when he had pilgrimage to the sacred Temple of Ise, where the

Mikado's ancestor was worshipped, he bowed down on the ground far away from the sacred gate and expressed his emotion in the thirty-one syllable poetry :

Nanigoto no owashimasu-kawa
Shirane domo, Katajike-nasa-ni
Namida koboruru.

Translation :

Whatsoever may honourably be existing inside,
I know not,
But my tears flow out freely for my emotion
Which I cannot control.

I myself, too, cannot control my emotion, and when I read this poetry three times my eyes get quite wet. This is not my superstition or delusion. It is my love toward the Mikado and our country.

Once some Englishman asked me, " Is your Mikado a clever fellow ? " My heart was astonished with his vulgarity. I could not answer him, so I showed him my back immediately. Of course we, all the Japanese, have enough scientific knowledge, but it is our etiquette, our honour, and our faith to look upon the Mikado as divine, and we should reject and expulse such a vulgar question.

It is true what Confucius said, " If one lacks the etiquette he is nearer to the wild beast than to the human." St. Paul, too, said, " Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Indeed, that crime to offend one's faith in a vulgar manner equals to the

crime of talking the sexual impropriety to the innocent children.

Therefore, as long as I am in England, I dare not try to oppose against her national religion. Whenever I go to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul I always show my utmost respectfulness, because they are the places where the nations are worshipping their God. I don't feel I am committing hypocrisy by that, although I am not a Christian, because I am paying my hearty etiquette to the Great Britain. On the other hand, if you go to Japan, I expect you to pay your etiquette to my country and respect what we respect and worship.

Look at those vulgar and savage anarchists (and some of socialists too) of to-day! They are insulting all the religions and rulers in most disgusting way. Suppose even if their reasonings were not wrong, how could we allow them to behave themselves like the wild beasts? And how could they succeed in that way?

The human knowledge and wisdom is growing every day and we are discovering more and more of real truth which has been buried deeply in the superstitions in our ancestors' days. No doubt all those primitive customs should die out day by day. We are proceeding towards light. However, it is the great crime to snatch away the happiness of each nation by attacking their *faith* with a hard ham-

mer. Let us only melt our hearts with warmest sympathy.

The Instinct of the Anglo-Saxons

What I have been impressed most with the Britons is their simple and sincere nature! Talking in average, they don't lie or deceive as some other nations—(especially the Orientals). I think it is fairer to call it the Anglo-Saxon nature, as I want to include the Americans too.

For in spite of that terribly "anti-Jap" feeling in America (especially in California) I had quite pleasant and comfortable experiences there. It was fact that they threw the stones and spat on me. But whenever I went to shopping they charged me the same price with their own country-fellows and they would not tell me lies as freely as some other races. Why is that?

Some Englishman said to me, "Because we are Christians. Your philosophy may be excellent, but it has no power to convert your nation into the sheer honesty. Look at those terrible Japanese merchants! You need the Christianity in your country very urgently."

I could not oppose him at the moment, yet I could not accept his argument immediately. Indeed, it has been my greatest question for a long time until I have visited on the Continent.

Since these three or four years I have frequented my tour to some other countries on the Continent and I found out some of them were telling lies and deceiving no less than the Orientals, in spite of their being " earnest Christians." I have come to the decisive conclusion that the honesty of the Anglo-Saxon race is not the merit of the Christianity, but it is the merit of their own race itself.

Indeed, I have many most trustworthy English friends who deny the Christianity too. I think the religion is just like the fishes. Those fishes which live in dark water have dark colour, and those which live in the clear shallow water have light colours. Surely the Christianity in England is entirely Anglicized. Suppose if the Christianity had not invaded into England, and suppose the Buddhism or any other religion had been in England for all these long ages, I feel quite confident that the Britons' simpleness, sincerity, and honesty would remain exactly same as to-day. What is the Anglo-Saxon's nature like ? I must say it is like a white paper, while some other nations' natures are tinted papers. I mean some nations have some special gift by birth. For instance, look at the French people. They have the special gift of art. When I was in Paris I was simply amazed to watch a quite common maid-servant making her own hats or dresses. They knew exactly what style would suit to their own types. And look

at some negroes, they seem to understand all the musical tunes without any training. And some Orientals are wonderful to create most unimaginable lies ! Certainly the Anglo-Saxons have none of those gifts. The tinted papers or the special gifts have a great advantage in one way, but at the same time a great disadvantage in other ways. Suppose you wanted to produce red colour on red paper, you have no trouble at all ; but if you wanted the opposite colour—say, green colour on the red paper !—It would be absolutely hopeless. Therefore there could be nothing better than white paper which will produce any colour most satisfactorily. To talk quite plainly, the Anglo-Saxons would be absolutely fool if they neglected their education, for they have no special gifts, but they can be trained in any way in perfection. I think this is the reason why the Anglo-Saxons are leading the civilization in this world now. Then again, as I said before, some tinted papers would simply eject their opposite colours, while the white paper accepts any colour. This is the reason why the Britons are so cosmopolitan, and all the strangers always find England perfectly homely.

CHAPTER XX

SCIENCE AND HUMAN SENSE

THE modern Occidental civilization is *scientific*, and the ancient Oriental civilization was that of *human sense*. Indeed, the Occidental civilization is getting very high ; but it is just like the Eiffel Tower—the stairs and elevators are kindly fixed to it. Any one can go to the top by the means of the stairs and elevators, which I call sciences. Let me talk about the Art. If you go to the Western art schools they will teach you the perspective, anatomy, botany, natural history, etc., and they teach you how to measure the subject you want to draw, and how to mix the paint to get the right colours. It is even more scientific in those other branches of schooling, such as architecture, engineering, etc. I call this " The Scientific Training."

The ancient Oriental civilization was different. It was something like a high mountain which has many steep precipices, and its top is above the clouds. Only the genius could climb up to the top. Hark, what the ancient Japanese masters used to tell their pupils !

" Don't imitate my art. Don't watch my hand or brush. Only feel what I am feeling. Communicate your spirits directly to the nature and find out everything yourselves. Judge your art with your own eyes and judge your music with your ears."

This is what I call the training of the *human senses*.

The scientific training is to find out the law of Nature and follow it, while the training of the Human Senses is the judgment by the Human Senses through their experiences. In those days, when the sciences were very poor, or practically not at all in China or in Japan, philosophies especially hated anything so-called " scientific," for they feared those poor " sciences " would make the human senses shallower. Instead of studying the rhetoric to enable themselves to express all their higher psychology, they refused to put their deep thoughts into the words for fear that the words might check the imagination of their auditors to a certain limitation, according to what vocabularies their auditors had in their heads ! They always said for anything and everything, " Ishin denshin," or, " Only heart communicates to heart." In this way they allowed their hearts to communicate to an extraordinary extent.

Here I give you an example. Once upon a time there was a great Buddhist philosopher. He wanted to understand the Buddha's philosophy thoroughly.

He decided to have a pilgrimage to Tibet, where he believed that he could see a great philosopher, the true follower of Buddha. He travelled inland of China. He suffered very much on this most difficult journey in those lonely, dangerous mountains for more than a year. At last he arrived to the boundary of the " holy " country. It was only a few days' journey for him to reach to his long-desired destination. He was so tired and thirsty. It was a moonlight night, and he saw a beautiful silvery fountain at his own foot. He took up a handful of water and drank it. It gave him such a wonderfully fresh and sweet taste he had ever tasted. He was quite happy and slept on the rock near the " heavenly " fountain. When he was awoken next morning he found out that " heavenly " fountain was no more than a filthy little pond where some dead birds and animals' bones were lying, and all sorts of dirty insects were swimming ! He gazed at it awhile with amazement, and suddenly decided to come back to his own home without visiting the holy place. His brother philosopher was awaiting him at home, and when they saw each other the former smiled at the latter and the latter gave a smile back to the former. They both thoroughly understood the Buddhist philosophy then.

(Perhaps the readers may need my little explanation about this story. When that pilgrim-philoso-

pher saw the little pond he understood that this world was exactly same with it. The world itself is very dirty indeed, but only by your own point of view ; it may look beautiful to you, and your own point of view would make yourself be happy. As he had understood this world in that way, he need not trouble himself for going any further. His brother philosopher seeing him come back, smiled, and understood that real human philosophy was not the thing to go elsewhere to find out, for it was in each individual's heart. Thus, they used to get the knowledge entirely by feeling each other's meaning.)

An ancient Chinese philosopher, Bayen, said, " Suppose you tried to paint a goose and you made it like a duck, it is not quite bad. But if you tried to paint a tiger and made it like a dog, it is worth nothing."

By this he meant, if you learn things systematically and scientifically you can get something very near, if you do not quite succeed. But if you learn things by the *human senses* only, you may easily get most hopeless result.

The scientific training is surer, even if you cannot quite succeed with it, but the judgment by the human senses alone is very dangerous indeed.

Those rare first-class brains which produce the picture of goose as the real goose and that of tiger as the real tiger, shall become the genius wherever

they live and whenever they are born. However, we cannot expect the whole population in the world as geniuses. It is unfortunate enough to find far more second-class or even third-class brains in average. Therefore we must always consider how to lead these inferior brains. The world is just like a whole squadron. Suppose there were a few boats which have 30-knot speed while the rest of them all had 18-knot speed. If those few superior boats made their full speed the others could not follow after them only to the disadvantage of both. It is the first-class brains' duty always to join to the second and third-class brains and guide them. Now then, the question comes in—whether the Sciences alone could lead the people satisfactorily into the real civilization or not. The logic says it should, or at least it ought to, when all the Sciences reach to the top. But until then, or even after then, we cannot throw away the training of the human senses after all. Just, for an example, look at those scientific instruments for the music, especially the pianola! What a wonderful improvement of Science! Such an ignorant man about the music like myself could not find the difference between the pianola and pianist! But my musician friend shook his head and sighed deeply, "You say you cannot find the difference? Ah, when the great masters put their fingers on the keys, there is some life

in them and um . . . that horrid pianola is too mechanical, it is a dead thing altogether."

That well-trained human sense of the musician's ears is only satisfied with the well-experienced human fingers and not yet with the scientific machine. Because the latter is still too poor. But why should not the scientific machine reach to the point equal to the musician's fingers when it gets into perfection some day? However, in ancient time, we never expected it in Japan. We had a proverb, "Don't glue your bridge to your instrument." That meant you must find out the right tune with your own ears and fix to the right place each time. It was not only for the music alone. For another old proverb said, "On each occasion use your senses accordingly." Indeed, we used to ignore any scientific classifications or finding out the law of nature to follow after it. On the contrary we tried to judge everything with our own human senses, and in many cases it was more satisfactory.

Now let us proceed one step further upon the Science. Suppose the Science reached to its perfection, could we rely upon it entirely and throw away all the judgment of our human senses? I must give my answer strongly in the negative. When I was in a poor lodging-house in Greenwich, my landlord ordered a frock-coat to some inferior tailor in the same quarter. The tailor brought the

coat with him and he was trying it on my landlord. The latter called me into his room and said to me, " You see, Mr. Markino, what a nice coat my tailor can make ! And it is very cheap, too. You ought to ask him to make one for yourself." The tailor seemed very proud. I had just a glance on the back of my landlord. Immediately I noticed the difference of the length on his shoulders. I said, " Your left shoulder seems about quarter of an inch wider than your right shoulder ! "

The tailor changed his expression at once, and was excited in his vexation, " Sir, I have measured it carefully. It is impossible ! " Whereupon I snatched his foot-measure and put it on the shoulders. Lo ! just quarter of an inch difference was there. The English foot-measure is only too perfect and the tailor trusted it too much. He had forgotten that he made mistake of his measuring and now . . . what a result he had got ! All because he knew only that his foot-measure was scientifically perfect, that was all, and evidently he neglected to train the human sense of his eyes, therefore he could not find out his faults.

This sort of disaster often happens among the too " scientific " nations. In the olden Japan or China, we had not such a perfect foot-measure like yours, but all those great masters as well as the artisans used to judge the measuring by their own well-

trained eyes, and how accurate it was! It was far more reliable than your most perfect instrument when it is *carelessly* used by the people who have no training of their human senses at all. For this reason those ancient primitive people, or even the modern savages, often produce more perfect works than the so-called "scientific" Westerners.

Now look at those Japanese or Chinese cooks! They never use the cookery books as yours, which give you the measurement of sugar, salt, water, etc. etc., and the timing of the fire. But how most excellently they cook! Ask them how they cook. They would give you their own proverb as the answer, "On each occasion use your sense accordingly." They taste everything while they are cooking and the judgment of their most experienced tongue is far above any scientific cookery book.

I remember when I was working as a clerk at the Japanese Naval Office in London, some Japanese officers had a great discussion upon the English and French naval architecture. One of the most able officers said, "The French naval architecture is purely scientific, while that of English is practical one, therefore if you only have a glance upon their plans you would naturally incline to admire the French plan most. In France, some great scientifists are investigating every branch of science to make the warships *scientifically* '*perfect*,' and they hand

those boats to the sailors. Only if all the sailors were as great scientifists as those who planned the boats, it would be simply marvellous. But remember the sailors are usually those most ignorant and uneducated fisher-boys (in Japan). It would take ages to train them scientifically, perhaps it would be absolutely hopeless to make those boys scientifists. Then the boat won't act as it is expected after all.

"On the other hand, look at the English warships. The English captains demand the scientifist to make the boat according to their desires after their long experience" (I call it the training of the human senses), "therefore the English plan may look not quite as nice as that of the French, but everything is easy to work for any ignorant sailor. It is far more practical after all."

I am thankful that Japan ordered most of her warships from England, and it is needless to mention how splendidly they acted at our late war!

As I am an artist let me write about a few points in the relationship between Art and Science. Perhaps photography is one of the greatest triumphs of the Science. I have been asked by many whether the photography is useful to my art or not. I always answer them negatively. Certainly the photography has given great benefit to other knowledges, but not to the Art.

About the differences between the photographical

perspective and that of the human eyes, so many people have spoken, therefore I omit it here.

Now let me talk about the movement of the horses' feet. In the photographs we often see most extraordinary and unimaginable pose of the feet of running horses. It is perfectly correct. At some moment their feet must have such pose, only it is invisible to our eyes, for such movement is too quick to catch. Only the photographic machine can catch that. We ought to be thankful for such scientific machine to search out what we cannot see with our own eyes. Therefore I say the photography has benefited us in some knowledges. But I often notice some artists of the inferior brains have drawn the people and horses in such shapes as the photograph shows you. Oh, what a great disaster to the Art ; I sincerely ask those artists, " Have you ever seen such shapes with your own eyes ? I must say your art has got into the delusion by photography." The sense of our eyes is not as sharp as the machine, while the movement of the horse's feet is by fits and starts. Therefore we can observe their position when they are in the slowest speed and that position only impresses our eyes, and that impression alone should be shown by the Art. My definition of the word " art " is " well-selected." Therefore to me it is not the real artist who follows after the result of the mechanical photography and shows the

ugliest shapes, which the human eyes can never observe. Such pictures can be done for the illustration of some scientific books only.

Now I have observed another disastrous delusion of some Western artists. They often go into the theory of perspective more " scientifically " than the reality. That is to say, they paint the objects out of the visible circle. The human eye cannot see more than 60 degrees, which I call " visible circle."

In Fig. I, V is the vanishing point—, A and B the horizontal line. C is the " visible circle." Suppose there are many square plates. Those plates within the visible circle are in correct perspective. But see those out of the circle. Notice especially D, the farthest one from the circle. Its lateral line becomes far longer than the reality is.

In Fig. II, I show you the same effect on the subject above and below the visible circle. This is what I call the scientific theory, which represents the nature into falsehood. What a stupid idea some artist gets to try to paint what he cannot see unless he turns his head round, in which case the " plane " of his picture would be changed. I often notice this most foolish attempt on some pictures—especially of the inside of cathedrals or abbeys or other architectures. I am absolutely astonished to observe this sort of foolishness in such a scientifically civilized country like England. And especially when

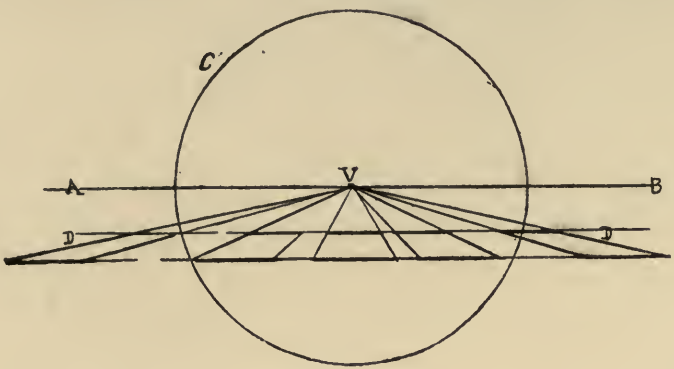


FIG. I

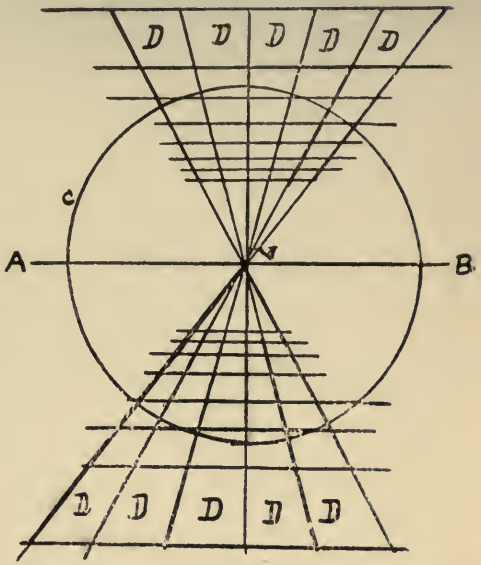


FIG. II

I saw several pictures of that kind of delusion in South Kensington Museum, *the prize of the Great Britain*, I have lost my tongue to utter a single word!

Indeed, some modern artists neglect their human senses, and are entirely intoxicated and victimized by the "scientific" delusion. No wonder why many art-lovers despise the modern art and worship the old masters. In olden times, when those masters never thought of sciences, they used to paint pictures entirely from the training of their human senses. The art was more satisfactory then. It is the fact that the more scientifical training we get the more we lose the human senses.

But, even to-day, we often esteem the human sense more than Science for many things. Hark what the golfers say! "Keep your eye on the ball!" Indeed, if you keep your eye on the ball your club hits just the right point of the ball. That is your human sense, which is far more accurate than any science.

I have just started to learn billiard. To tell the truth, I know a little bit of the geometry. I often imagine and plan all sorts of angles scientifically. But to me, my own confidence, with the strong will to hit the balls, is far more successful than to fidget my brain with my little science. If I have confidence my hands seem to work unconsciously parallel to science. This is the triumph of my human sense

over the science. Have you ever noticed your human sense when you want to lift up something ? Suppose there is a kettle, and you think the water is full in it ! Try to lift it up ; if it has less water than you thought, you feel it is too light ; or if it has full water and you thought it had no water, you feel it too heavy. But how comfortably you can lift it up when the water was just as much as you thought ! Only if you train this human sense of yours you may be able to do extraordinary things in the end. When I was a boy at home there was a poor grocery man in my village. He used to sell salts, sugar, beans, and rice without any measuring instrument, and he was very proud of the accuracy of his measuring. Sometimes those deformed people like the blind get this sense into extremity. And certainly, when the ancient primitives had so little science they had most wonderful *Human Sense.*

In China they had the lunar calendar about 4000 years ago. They believed the earth was flat and all the stars were moving round, but how accurate was their astronomical calculation ! And look at their arts and architectures. They judged everything with their most trained eyes. They simply avoided anything " ugly." By the way, the word " ugly " means some uncomfortable irritation upon the nerves of the eyes. If anything has the outlines which don't go smoothly with your retina it irritates

your nerves and you call it " ugly " and you hate it. The ancient primitives had wonderful sense about that, all through their own experiences. I am not entitled by any means to discuss about the ancient European civilization, for I have never studied

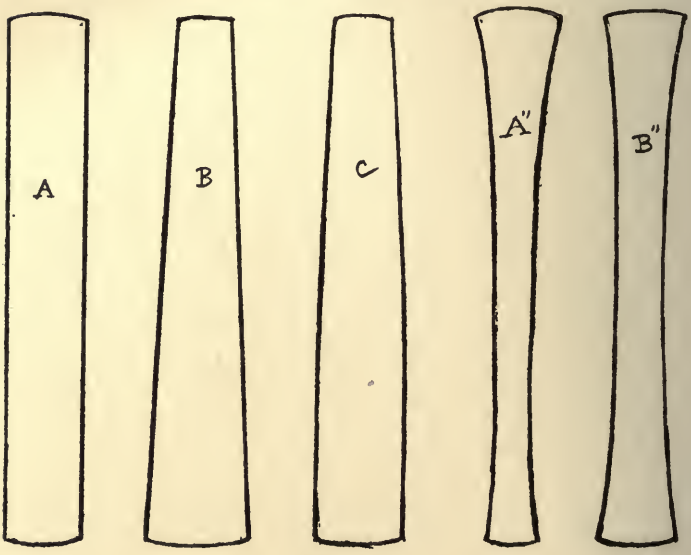


FIG. 111

about it, except the most primary books which I read at school. But as I believe that you might not be familiar with the ancient Oriental civilization, let me give you some examples from the ancient Greek and Roman architectures. Look at those large columns of those temples !

Instead of making it a straight cylinder or conical, like A or B, they made it like C, the top being much smaller than the bottom, and its outlines being convex instead of the straight line, because they found out by their experiences that A and B looked " ugly " (or irritating to the ocular nerves), while C

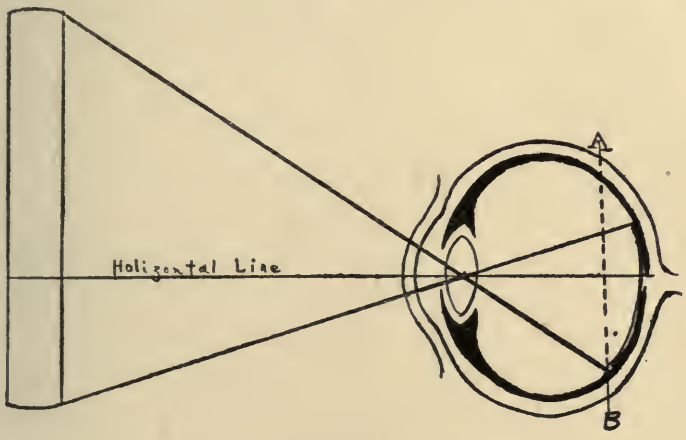


FIG. IV

looked beautiful (or comfortable to the ocular nerves). They knew if they made it like A or B it would look like A″ or B″. I wonder (I am so ignorant of the Greek history) whether they knew the scientifical theory about it or not! However, let me explain it to you :

You see in Fig. IV how the column reflects on the retina of your eye.

Only if the retina of your eye was flat like A B, the cylinder column will reflect on it quite straight, but as it is round its reflection will be like A in Fig. V, while the Greek column will reflect like B in Fig. V.

It was for the same reason they made the wide steps on convex line instead of the straight horizontal, as the latter would reflect on our eyes as concave line.

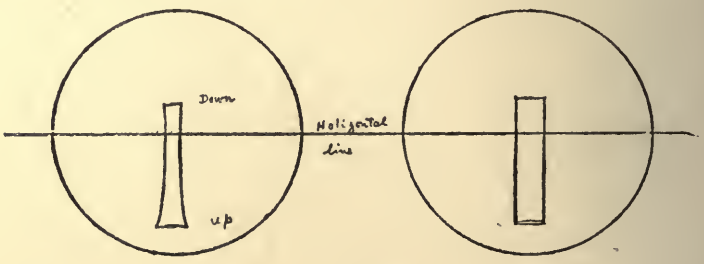


FIG. V

But, alas ! the Baroque builders made such a mess of their architecture. Evidently they were big fools. They had not that wonderful Greek *Human Sense* to judge the art. They only thought " curved lines " were more artistic than the straight lines, and they made every line curved without knowing how those beastly lines fidget our eyes. Therefore, the Baroques are simply eye-sore. Last time when we went to Tivoli one of my John Bulless friends said to me, " The Baroque is not quite so bad when

it is as large as that" (pointing to a fountain in Villa d'Este). I quite agreed with her. The reason is that when it is so large those curved lines are parallel with the curve of our retina. Indeed, Science was very much needed for such fools like the Baroques, who had not the Human Sense enough.

FIG. VI

FIG. VII

I always say, the merit of literature belongs to the Human Sense more than the Sciences. "I was watching him running away. He was gone . . . gone far away over that field beyond! . . . so far that he looked no larger than an ant." How much more impressive it is than to say, "He was gone *so many metres away!*"

But even the literature, if it lacks the scientific knowledge, often gets into the hopeless delusion. There has been a great discussion about the size of the moon among the Japanese. Some one claimed that the diameter of the moon looked more than three feet to his eyes, while another said it looked less than three inches. They quarrelled for all their life and could not settle the question. How very

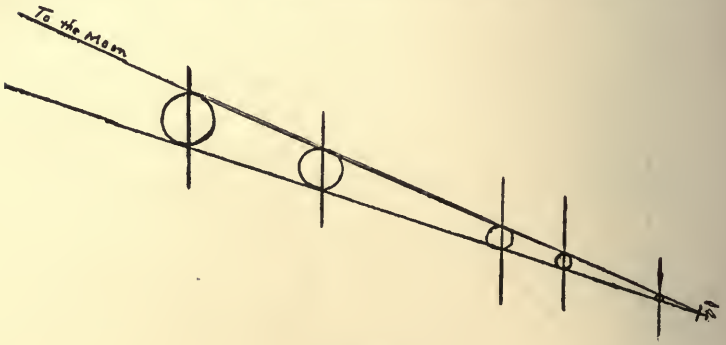


FIG. VIII

laughable was their discussion! It is only the matter where you make your imaginative plane through which you look at the moon.

In Fig. VI you are looking at the moon on the top of a far-distant hill. And suppose there is a tree which you know is three feet on the hill, the diameter of the moon looks about the same with the height of the tree. Therefore you may imagine the moon has the diameter of three feet. But if you go

nearer to that tree, as Fig. VII, and compare it with the size of the moon, the latter would look much smaller. Fig. VIII shows the size of the moon differs at various places where you make the plane of your imaginary picture ; or take a nearer subject, and you see in Fig. IX if you make your imaginative plane at A B it would look twice smaller than if you make it at C D, which distance is twice further !

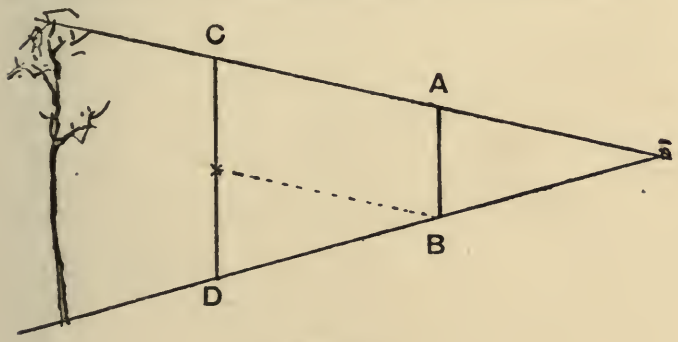


FIG. IX

Tatsuo Kumoi, a Japanese poet, said, " So-and-so mountain in my village is very high." Some one asked him, " How high is it ? "

" Nearly six feet."

" Nonsense."

" Yes ! " the poet shouted in his excitement. " The height of my window is six feet, and when I look at that mountain from my room its top nearly touches the top of my window."

Some Japanese poets had far more advanced Human Sense than their brother artists. The former had such well-trained eyes, with which they observed the very accurate perspective phenomenon, although they were as ignorant of sciences as the artists.

Dokan Ota, the famous poet-warrior of the sixteenth century, could not be satisfied with those paintings without perspective by the artists of his time. He himself has drawn a sketch of the correct perspective in his thirty-one-syllable poetry :

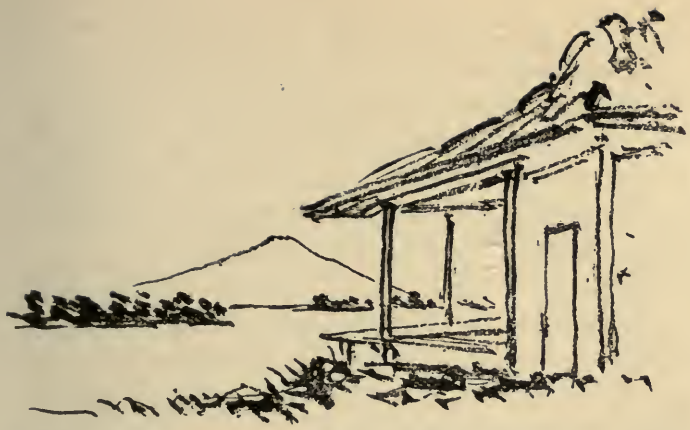
Waga Io wa Matsu-bara tōku
Umi chikaku
Fuji no Takane wo
Nokiba nizo miru.

Translation :

My cottage is far away from the pine forest,
And nearer to the sea ;
The high summit of Fuji comes
Just under the roof edge.

But, after all, the poet himself could not paint with his brush such exquisite pictures as the Western artists make now.

About the perspective, I have some story of my own father. When I got a book of the drawing lessons at my grammar school there was a drawing of a square box in the correct perspective. My father saw it and said, " What ? This box is surely not square, it seems to me very much crooked."



THE PICTURE WHICH THE POET HAS DRAWN WITH HIS VERSES

THE WOULD-BE PICTURE DRAWN BY THE JAPANESE ARTISTS IN 16TH CENTURY

T

About nine years later he was looking at the same book and he called me and said, " How strange it is ! You know I used to think this square box looked crooked, but now I see this is perfectly right."

This is because, when my father saw that drawing first time, he had no knowledge of the perspective. Therefore it looked " crooked." But afterwards he had studied the perspective thoroughly, then that drawing with the correct perspective looked to him " perfectly right."

This example shows you that if one is ignorant of the law of nature, a quite correct thing looks to him quite wrong. That is why I say that you must have the scientific training, although it may make you feel disagreeable, and you must not rely upon only your Human Sense, which is very dangerous, as I said before. It is not only about the perspective, I think it is especially so with religions and philosophy. If you stick to your own faith only, and don't apply scientific knowledge upon your faith to test it, you shall never be able to find out your delusion. Some religious preachers often say, " Never mind of anything, only have your faith in it." This is very dangerous.

Indeed, they ought to have strong decision to shake off all their own delusions, or else even a so-called sacred religion would make you a superstitious

fool. It is most undeniable fact that all the religions have been leading the Human Sense into the delusion in many ways, although they have undoubtedly benefited by much "grace" and "peace"-many poor aching hearts; you ought to be awakened from such delusion sooner or later, and get real grace and peace from the genuine Law of Nature.

Of course, I know there are many second and third-class brains which cannot be awakened suddenly. If we tell them the genuine truth, they will only lose their own "Faith" as well as their happiness. Therefore we need to be very patient and guide them gradually. We must give them some medicine little by little. We say in Japan, "If you take too much medicine at once it will kill you instead of curing you."

Here, in London, fortune-telling seems quite fashionable. Now let me talk about them.

And look at those palmistry and fortune-tellers in China. They have been believing in fortune-telling by "Yeki," and her history tells us that almost in every case that fortune-telling came out *true*. I quite believe it. It is only the matter of the human delusion.

Now let me explain it. Our human brain has every function—good and bad and everything. Suppose one was told by the palmist that he shall

become a great artist. Of course, there is the function of art in his brain. Therefore, if he has full faith in the palmistry, and studies the art with all his energy, he may become a great artist in the end. Thus the weak human mind often gets a benefit through its own delusion. But this is exactly same with the case of the drug consumer. When the drug consumer gets unwell he takes more drugs to cure himself. He will be cured in that way for temporarily, but you know too well what result he shall have in the end. So if one was told by a fortune-teller that he will commit murder in his life he may easily commit murder, and very often a weak-minded one would die at the age that his fortune-teller " prophesied " to die. That is simply his damnable delusion. I myself have witnessed an extraordinary case of this delusion. There was a peasant called Ishikawa near my village. Some one asked him to carry a parcel and said that some poisonous thing was in it. Ishikawa imagined it must be " urushi " (the varnish for the Japanese lacquer-work). While he was carrying it on his back it constantly touched to his shoulder. When he arrived home he found out the skin of his shoulder was poisoned in exactly the same effect of urushi poisoning. However, the contents was not urushi. It was not poisonous thing at all. Only his friend made joke. Here is another example. Iyeyasu, the

first Tokugawa Shogun, was a great diplomatist. He wanted a decisive battle, but he was afraid that his soldiers might not fight well. He pretended to ask " God's will " at the temple of Atsuta. After his long " prayer " he threw off many coins on the sand, and said, " If it is God's will to win this battle all the coins should have the ' head ' up." Every one of them had the " head " up, so his superstitious soldiers had a decisive battle and conquered his enemy. In fact, that fox-like Iyeyasu pasted each two coins together, having their both side " head." This is an example of how what I call the drug consumers were stimulated with more drugs.

Toko Fujita gave quite a reverse example to that of Iyeyasu. He was one of the greatest compatriots at the time of our civil war to make the new Japan. He opened that Chinese fortune-telling book " Yeki " before he was going to the war. The book said most pessimistic view, " There was no chance for him to conquer." All his soldiers turned pale. Fujita said, " What use to believe such a book ? It is the most urgent matter to us to fight for our sacred Emperor. We have no time to think of our own fate. We must go on all the same." The soldiers were much moved by his earnest and sincere speech. They did their best and they had a great triumph after all. This is an example of how

what I call the drug consumer was cured without drugs, or the delusion was transferred to the sound mind.

When I was under ten there was a great fascination in my village. It was called " Kokkri San." It was something like your table-turning. Three bamboo sticks were tied together in the middle and straight out like the feet of the canvas stool, and a tea-tray was put over it and we covered a large cloth over. And three people touched their fingers just above the feet. We had a short creed to repeat again and again. Then those feet began to move. In my childish mind I believed that a spirit of fox came in if we read the creed with " faith." Whenever I touched that Kokkri San it used to move freely. Later on, when I was in San Francisco, I recollected it, and tried it with my American friend. It never moved. All because I had had more scientific training by that time, and I had lost that superstitious faith altogether, therefore I could not concentrate all my nerves on it. This is an example that the delusion of the Human Sense was checked by the Science.

The Human Senses may get into any delusion. It is the Science which keeps the Human Sense out of its delusion. It is just like the pergola of the vine, it always makes the vine to grow on the straight line.

Even in such scientifically civilized country like Europe I often see some primitive savages too. They have absolutely no scientific training, and their Human Sense is little more than other animals' sense. Human Sense and scientific knowledge together make one able to judge everything, and that power of judging is what I call wisdom. Therefore, if one lacks both scientific knowledge and Human Sense, I must call him a fool. These fools are making their stubborn stupidity as their backbone, with which only can they stand alive!

They often talk thus: "I don't like this art," "I hate that actor," "I can't bear that diplomatist," "Oh, you pagans," etc. etc. And if we ask them their own opinion and why, they have no opinion whatever! They only judge, or to say more correctly, they only *bubble* over, everything with their stupidly fixed idea without any reason. And if we try to explain them the *truth*, they shake their heads negatively and put their fingers on their ears. They would never listen and they are keeping their foolish idea like a piece of broken bottle, as preciously as if it were a diamond. They are guarding their broken-bottle pieces with such disgusting pre-judgment, and suspicious that all their neighbours might come to rob them of their "diamonds." They are exactly like a dog keeping his meat with his paws. If you go near him he will

bite you, your sincere kindness to him notwithstanding. How very tiresome it is indeed!

For the justice and for the truth we ought to be ready to listen and accept, even if it is spoken from the mouth of a six-year-old child! But to do this, of course, we need our wisdom to judge whether it is genuine truth or not. And those poor wretched fools! When they have no wisdom they cannot judge anything.

That parable of "A Farmer and his Mare" is the best example of those inferior brains. If they listen to others' saying without the power of judging the truth you don't know where they might be carried away! Poor creatures! Perhaps it may be safer for them to stick to their own stubborn stupidity, otherwise they may cause some dangerous object against the public peace, especially if they get into the political circle! And if those poor creatures get into "religion" they think any people outside their own "religion" must be devils. Oh, how often I have been annoyed by them. They want to persuade me into "Christianity" (quite against the idea of the real Christ), and their "sermons" are simply boring and torturing! Although they lack entirely their wisdom, only if they have that beautiful conscience called sympathy and sincerity, I would not be so rude as to hurt their hearts. I would kneel down before them, but the

lack of sympathy as well as wisdom is no more than the broken bottle to me.

Alas, there are too many pieces of broken bottles everywhere in this world. The leaders shall have to find out a safest place to tidy up these useless, if not injurious, broken bottles. Perhaps I shall write a book, " How to Keep the Broken Bottles," some day soon.

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